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# HIGHTIMES

December 1980 \$2.50

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Reveal All**

**Johnny Bob Returns:  
Christmas in Hollywood**

**Santa Claus Busted—  
see page 79**

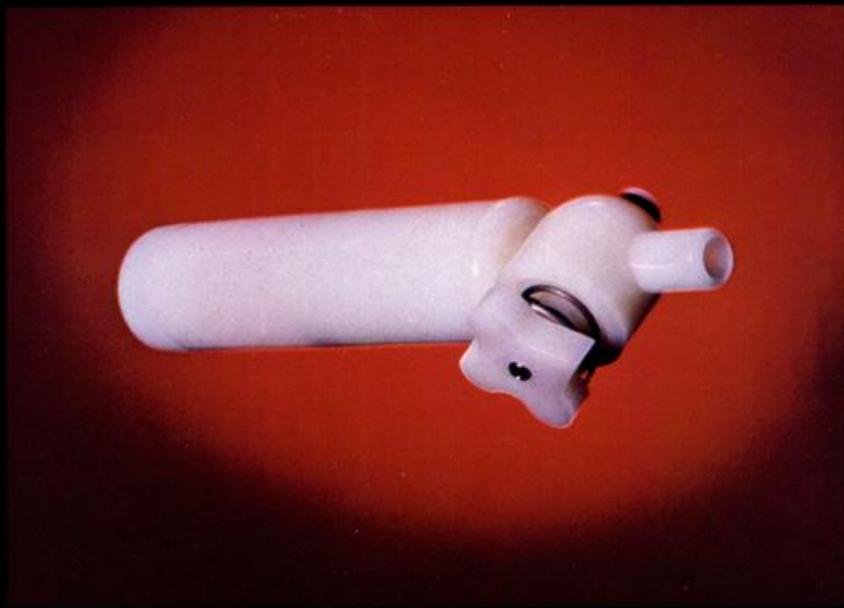
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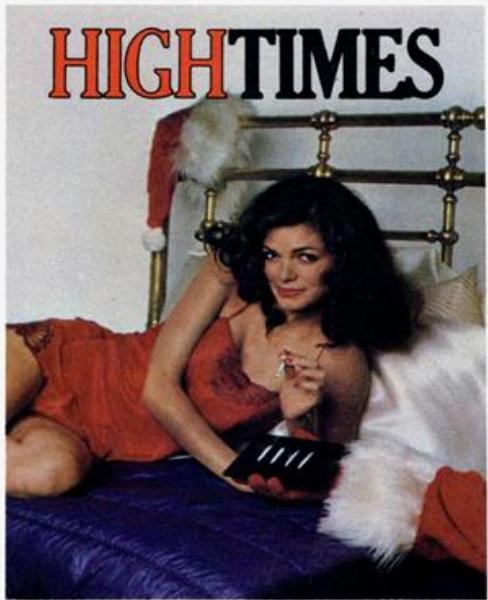
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# HIGH TIMES



Poor Santa, he only comes once a year and that's down a chimney. Thank God tonight's Christmas and the elves are at the movies. Cover photo by Richard Rosen.

## Interview: Women in White

by Lesley Morrison

It is the rare user indeed who scores his coke from a member of the opposite sex. Rarer still is the magazine that can get an interview with these seldom seen women.

34



## Big Man

by Tom Clark

Workin' the line in the NFL can leave a man bruised, broken and battered, but not necessarily bitter.

44



## Me and Big Joe

by Michael Bloomfield

Dante and Vergil had nothin' on these two. Relive the guitar player's early days when he learned about life from a 350-pound black man.

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## Remember the Neediest!

by Robert Randall

Sometimes there's more to marijuana than getting high.

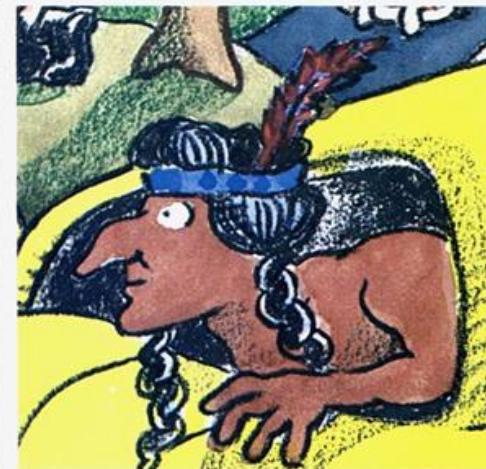
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## Centerfold

Meet Candy: She has expensive tastes but who's complaining. Seen in all the right clotheses and up all the best noses, here's one pretty miss who has finally come into her own.

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## Christmas in Hollywood, Part One

by Johnny Bob

Last in the long line of great Nootka Indian authors stands Johnny Bob. This month we find him neck deep in a Hollywood cesspool of liquor, drugs and second-rate screenwriters.

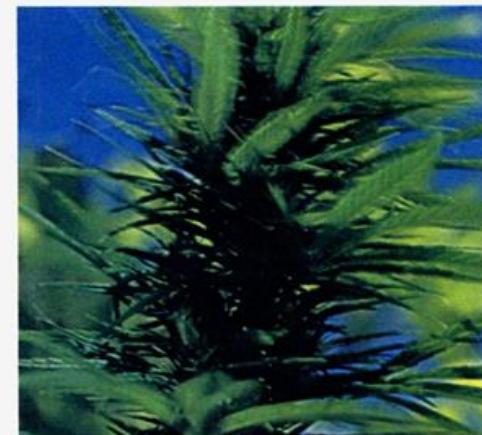
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## High Times Puts the Wraps on Christmas

Copping for Christmas got you down? Cheer up. Gift giving doesn't have to mean exchanging pairs of long underwear with your friends and family.

62



## Grow American

by Jeff Botz

This month HIGH TIMES salutes the growers of Hawaii, whose Puna coast yields the finest marijuana in the world, or so they claim.

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## News

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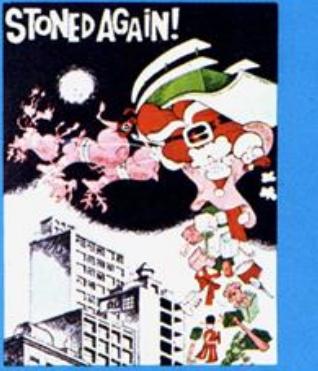
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**Founding Editor**  
Thomas King Forcade, 1945-1978

**Johnny Bob**, Nootka author, returns to these pages after many winters of silence. The Athabascan annalist refuses to reveal where he was all that time, affecting a



Jack Abraham

# Who's

grave air of mystery about it all; but suspicion prevails that he simply has amnesia for the whole period, which he may have spent trying to perfect the smoke signal as a literary form. In this issue, the first part of his monstrous three-part novella "Christmas in Hollywood" begins, and will continue over the next two issues. HIGH TIMES is proud to present this historic addendum to the scanty canon of Nootka literature (which, until Johnny Bob, consisted entirely of ill-rendered petroglyphs scrawled on the brick wall of a British Columbia salmon hatchery by a 19th-century shaman under the influence of Jimsonweed and cheap mescal), and we have awarded him our treasured annual award for superior writing by a Native American author: \$24, a chest of beads and seashells, and a beaver pelt.

Throughout his career as a musician, **Michael Bloomfield** has been called a lot of things, among them "the foremost



Roger Kestmeyer

"blues guitarist of his generation." Playing with the legendary Paul Butterfield Blues Band in the mid '60s, Bloomfield served as

an inspiration for thousands of skinny-fingered white kids who were pining away with dreams of Robert Johnson and B.B. King. From Bob Dylan and the Electric Flag, to his own bands, records and filmtracks in the '70s, rock music has felt his influence as a writer, performer, arranger and producer.

# high?

Boy Are You Getting Your Money's Worth This Month Dept: 'Cause for some reason the big shots up there decided to give away, free of charge, with each Mike Bloomfield article, a whole bunch of new cartoons from the master himself, **R. Crumb**. Crumb, of course, is the man



Courtesy of Vazoo Records

who single-handedly transformed a minor medium into a major art form. Charting the hallucinations and revelations of a lifetime of acid trips he gave us: Mr. Natural, Flaky Foont, Fritz the Cat, Keep on Truckin' and a host of others. Crumb now devotes the bulk of his time to his musical group the Cheap Suit Serenaders and publishes cartoons only rarely. Groove on these new 'toons and consider yourselves lucky.

Whether you were a Haight-Ashbury street kid gone crazy on bad acid or an upper-middle-class neurotic with sex hang-ups, you could always get straight answers from Dr. Hip. With a waiting room as big as the great outdoors the good doc, who is, of course, **Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld**, administered medical advice to the masses via his nationally syndicated column "Ask Doctor Hippocrates." First published in 1967, the column ran for seven years during which time Schoenfeld served as personal physician to the entire Woodstock Nation. Gene has recently published a book entitled *Jealousy: Taming the Green Eyed Monster* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). We've consulted the doctor for a monthly column, and his first offering is an extract from his new book. □

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# Letters.

## Don't Fence Him In

Please explain to me what a dope connoisseur like "R." is doing writing about an Eastern physical discipline instead of writing about dope like he's supposed to.

Steven Bush,  
Columbus, Ga.

"R." replies: "A true connoisseur must train himself to savor all sorts of highs. Why don't you find out what you've been missing."

## A Rose by Any Other Name

Re HIGH TIMES July '80: What if every herb smoker levied a \$250 fine against HIGH TIMES for calling herb *dope*? Rasta says, "How can a plant be a dope?"

Bill Walker,  
Lakeview, Calif.

Hey, get outta here with that Rasta mishughass.—Ed.

## In the Navy

Keeping the world safe for democracy is no picnic. It's a dirty job but somebody has to do it. Cruising with the U.S. Navy, though, does have some advantages,



witness this primo Moroccan hash I picked up for a song.

D. Dunlap,  
Tennessee

## Magnificent Obsession

Is circumcision equivalent to a crime? It is done to someone while he is helpless and screaming bloody murder and leaves him with a scar around a very sensitive part of his anatomy. It promotes less touching of genitals, and somehow society has convinced itself that this is the way it should be. This is Jim Reed asking, "Where do I take my case?"

Jim Reed,  
Walnut Creek, Calif.

To a psychiatrist's couch—post haste—Ed.

## SunDance Kid

In your May "Who's High" you describe me as the founder of the "revolutionary though short-lived dope mag *Sundance* (sic)." In fact, I was *SunDance*'s cofounder along with Ken Kelley, who also appeared in the May issue but was not credited. But more important, the depiction of *SunDance* as a "dope" magazine is highly inaccurate. I can't ever remember running an article that counseled people to take drugs, and on many occasions, our articles pointed out drugs that we considered posed health risks to our readers.

What we did publish were criticisms against the unjust and repressive legislation and enforcement of laws that perpetrated harsh punitive sanctions against users of some recreational substances (like marijuana and psychedelics), while ignoring the users of other recreational drugs like alcohol and Valium, etc.

Craig Pyes,  
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Excuse us.—Ed.

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## A Joint in the Hand

Here is a snapshot of my bush. I sincerely hope that you can use it in your magazine. It would mean a great deal to her.

Name withheld,  
Kemah, Tex.

## Flare Up in Hawaii

As a practicing transvestite living in Honolulu I feel compelled to call to your attention the vicious brutalities that are

continued on page 11

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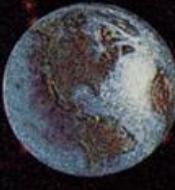


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## Letters

continued from page 6

being perpetrated against persons such as myself. Recently a young local "TV" was abducted by several men and taken to a deserted stretch of beach. An emergency highway flare was then shoved up his anus. The men then lit the flare, burning out the victim's bowels and lower intestines. Such incidents are becoming more and more common here. Isn't it ironic that the state that grows the best pot in the world should also raise the sickest people.

Name withheld,  
Honolulu, Hawaii

### Acapulco Blanc?

It was with great interest that I read Mr. Wilhelm's "Polemic Against Legalization" though I can't say I agreed with all of his conclusions.

Under the right system legalization can become equitable for both consumer and producer. Wilhelm's error, as that of so many other people, is to model his system of legalization on that of the tobacco industry. Under this system grass would be equated with cigarettes, with no real distinctions between one cigarette and another. But the two are not similar. While there is no real difference between a Lucky Strike and a Camel, there is a vast difference between Guerrero gold and Santa Marta gold. Any legalization which doesn't recognize this basic fact will fail. If R.J. Reynolds attempts to market grass like it does cigarettes, it will fail.

The model I would base legalization on is that of wine. Like wine, the quality of marijuana is based on many factors. One is the region the grass is grown, another is the climate. In addition are the basic genes the plant has carried down from its ancestors. Like some grape plants, marijuana plants grow better in some areas than others.

In addition, wines, unlike cigarettes, have great differences in quality. While in the wine industry a few major companies do sell the majority of the wine consumed in the U.S., there are hundreds of small independent wineries supplying the needs of discriminating wine drinkers. A person can have a bottle of Red Mountain one day and a bottle of estate bottled Zinfandel the next.

Under legislation based on the wine model the consumers can be assured of both cheap and expensive marijuana, of grade "B" commercial and high grade grass.

I hope this can be a springboard for various forms of legalization. The question is not if marijuana will be legalized, but when and how.

—Franklin R. Hall,  
Salinas, Calif.

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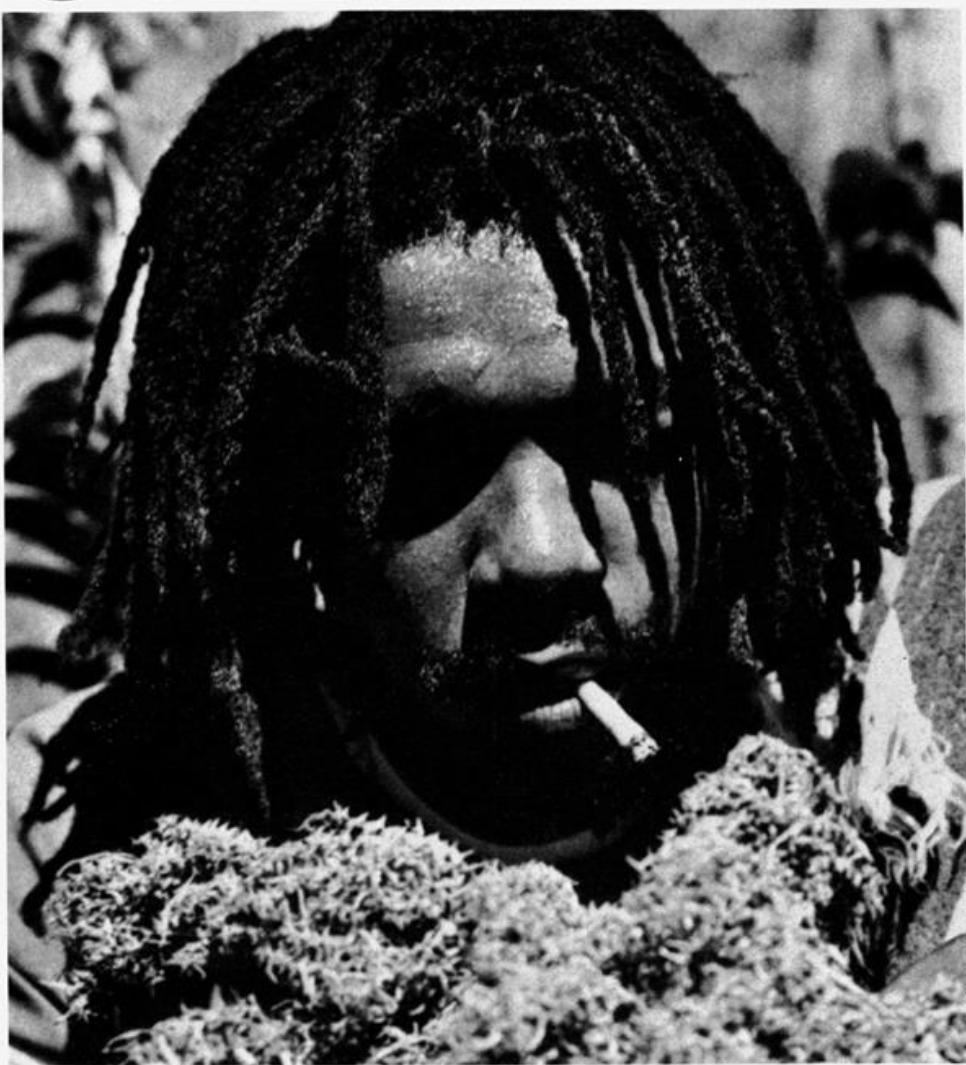
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than steel drums and reggae rhythms.

by "R."

I've been wanting to write a column about Jamaican weed for a long time. Big hitch: no Jamaican. But, *none*. People weren't even trying to fake it, the way they will sometimes, with Thai and Hawaiian. Nobody would believe it. And so at first when people would pass me a joint of something they called "Jamaican," I'd be skeptical. Yes, there had been rare intrusions of happy memories courtesy returned recreational travelers from Jamaica. But your basic mom-and-pop-sized dealer never stocked it.

Then suddenly this summer a number of mamas and papas began boasting of newborn Jamaican ounces and I began to believe them. I can't say I followed any boats—but it tasted like it came from

Jamaica. Still, not the same as early-'70s Jamaican. First of all, there's the look and feel of it. Early-'70s Jamaican used to be bushy weed—big fat buds, big fat seeds, big fat spliffs and all that.

Most of the stuff arriving these days comes in a dense, compact form. Long, thin, clumpy colas. Some of it, the best of the sorts I've seen, is close to sinsemilla—long, golden brown, feathery stalks that turn moist when you crumble them and yield almost no seeds. Other, more ordinary, stuff will have its share of rough, green outer leaves and so-so seeds redeemed by some truly *furred-up* seed bracts.

Interesting stuff. Let's roll one up. Well, it's not exactly the freshest-tasting herb I've ever inhaled. Even the sinsemillalike

varieties taste a little musty, but it's got that characteristic Jamaican pungency that reminds you of the days when Bob Marley was still a Wailer.

Now about the high. The first two puffs don't exactly take your breath away. But then, hey, why don't we put a Bob Marley tape on while we're smoking this? A little music would be just the thing to help the connoisseur in the throes of his analytic process.

Problem is, I've got two Bob Marley tapes here. Which one to play first? The early one with "Burnin' and Lootin'" and "Get Up Stand Up"? Actually, I'm beginning to feel a little more like "Lie Down Curl Up." So let's put *Kaya* on first.

Well, that's more like it. Music more harmonious with this new Jamaican marijuana. Hypnotic, enchanting rather than inflammatory. There are slow, mesmerizing rhythms of *Kaya* in this *kaya*. Bass line chords—the base of the spinal cord seems to be on the same slow but stimulating wavelength.

And yet it is somehow an *emotional* high too. You hear the Smokey Robinson side of Bob Marley in the smoky corridors of your consciousness. You feel there's more to Jamaica than steel drums and reggae rhythms, it's the *ache* in Jamaica and the wail in the Wailers. You get a flash of how that terrible beauty is born. It's more than a beat, it's a country, after all.

Getting back down to earth, there are some mundane advantages to this Jamaican that add to the pleasures of its advent. One great thing is that you don't need to smoke a lot of it to fall under its hypnotic spell. You can savor the slow building of the feeling, and a couple of joints are all you need to arouse a certain intensity about a night out or a night in.

Bob Marley used to be quoted saying that he smoked a pound a week. I don't think you'll need as much, but then you're not Bob Marley.

In addition, although this stuff is often two or three times as expensive as early-'70s Jamaican, it goes for half the price of domestic sinsemilla these days. And so, considering new inflation, and that military maneuvers in the Caribbean have raised tensions, the price rise over past Jamaican is not something to be horrified by.

One ideal way to smoke it, I've found, is to mix it with some good domestic sinsemilla. The Jamaican mellows out the furious farm-fresh rush of some sinsemilla and works like a bass line to its lead guitar. Best of all is to combine fresh domestic sinsemilla grown from Jamaican seeds with the new *Jamaican* Jamaican. It's something like the perfection of that chicken-and-egg dish on a Chinese restaurant menu which inspired a Paul Simon song: It's a "mother and child reunion." Great bliss. Now you're ready for some *early* Bob Marley. Somebody put on "Lively Up Yourself." Hit me with music, mon. □

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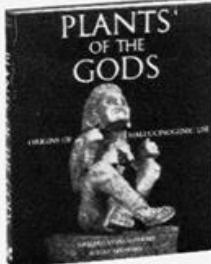
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# High signs.

December 1980

**Proceed cautiously in the beginning of December. Be wary of others. Your ambition will provoke their suspicion, and your running scores, their disgust. If you're an Aries, Cancer, Libra or Capricorn, this could be a frustrating time.**

December 3 you'll find yourself thinking, walking and eating fast. You'll awake in the middle of the night to the sound of your own voice pleading pathetically for "one more piece of boiled beef." For Taurus, Leo, Scorpio and Aquarius, this is not a time for decisions.

December 5—congratulations! Mercury has moved into Sagittarius. On December 7 there will be a new moon with the sun and moon in Sagittarius. For Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius and Pisces this is a time to be alert and recognize opportunities when you see them. Arrested for shoplifting, you'll spend the night in jail.

Come December 14, you find things are changing. Hair begins growing on your palms and your sense of smell becomes acute. Convinced you are a dog you become morose and incapable of dealing with the world. Gemini, Virgo, Pisces and Sagittarius will benefit from being alone.

December 16 can bring unexpected disruptions in love affairs with Taurus, Leo and Aquarius. Treat yourself to a nourishing peptone enema and take it easy for a while.

On December 18 Venus slides into Sagittarius for three weeks, smokes six cartons of cigarettes, puts on his clothes and leaves. You should be so lucky. This is a bad time for acquiring new lovers especially for Virgo, Sagittarius and Pisces.

On December 20 a wrong word to the milkman will leave you hip-deep in buttermilk and pot cheese. You must be careful in personal communications. For Gemini, Pisces, Virgo and Sagittarius there will be a real danger of being ripped off. Postpone all business and dope deals.

December 21 is the winter solstice, the shortest day of the year and the beginning of winter as the sun reaches Capricorn. Why not celebrate the sun's return with the disemboweling of a loved one? December 21 is also a full moon with the sun and moon in Cancer. You'll take a good hard look at your career and home life, then have a massive anxiety attack. Babbling incoherently, you'll be rubbed down with strained peas and put to sleep.

December 23 will be the time for testing your intentions. You can accomplish a lot but your actions tend to arouse suspicion. Getting rid of the knee boots, arm band and fake mustache will go a long way in solving your problem. December 30 will be a real tough time for Aries, Taurus, Leo, Scorpio and Aquarius. Certain activities of yours will be brought to light that you'd prefer went unnoticed. Best bet: Ignore the Gestapo-like strong-arm tactics of the authorities and deny everything.

On December 31 the planets Saturn and Jupiter join, which they do about every 20 years. This 20-year cycle is often associated with the death of presidents. Since 1865, when Lincoln was assassinated, all the presidents in office when these two planets joined—and only those presidents—died in office. So to all of you who are not the president: Happy New Year. □

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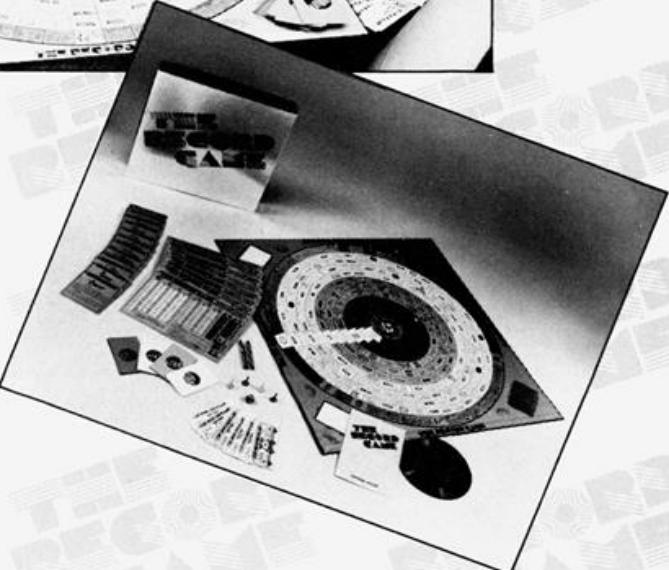
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# NEWS

# THE 7-YEAR OLD POT SMUGGLER?

When customs dogs at Kennedy International Airport sniffed the luggage of seven-year-old Jason Newman last March, a conditioned response clicked in their canine

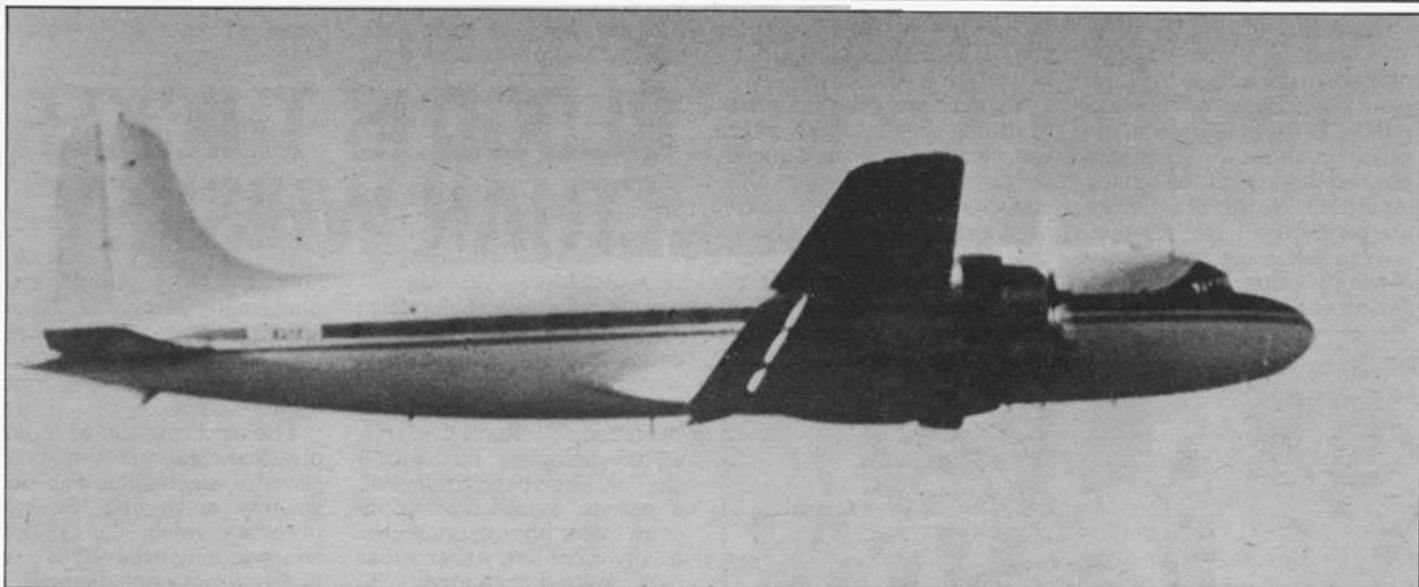
## *The Story Behind the Headlines*

skulls, and they alerted their human masters that something was amiss. Inside the

valise, inspectors discovered 11 pounds (actually 8, according to HIGH TIMES sources) of

high-grade ganja—a small bust by modern standards, but banner headlines when the bustee is a child.

New York papers noted  
continued on page 22



Among the transport planes, once produced in large numbers for the American military and later sold at auction to private "business," is the Douglas DC-4, a grand old warhorse of the smuggling trade.

# DEFENSE DEPARTMENT TIGHTENS CONTROL OF SURPLUS PLANE SALES

In an effort to stop supplying planes to the international smuggling trade, the U.S. Department of Defense has issued new administrative rules aimed at keeping track of all surplus aircraft long after they've passed from government possession.

Surplus planes that had

## *BIDDING TO BE MONITORED BY DEA*

been sold at auction have been turning up for years on smuggling runs from Colombia, Mexico and virtually every country with the resources (and/or the corruption) necessary to produce large quantities of pot and other drugs.

Following a brief moratorium early this past summer on sales of all "obsolete" government planes, the office of the secretary of defense has instituted regulations requiring "end-use certificates" from bidders on surplus aircraft

put up for auction. Under the new requirements, anyone bidding on a plane will have to supply the DOD with the names and addresses of everyone involved in the potential purchase, or, in the case of an agent, anyone to whom the plane is to be resold. The pro  
continued on page 21

# DEA SHRINKS

by Tony Smart

On July 18 the Drug Enforcement Administration announced that its Paris regional office was being recalled to Washington as part of President Carter's overseas cost-cutting. This leaves the DEA with just two regional offices outside the United States, those in Bangkok and Mexico, which are also due to be recalled in coming months.

These "closures" coincide with an explosion of Southwest Asian heroin onto international markets that's pushing the quantity and quality of available smack higher than ever before. Yet DEA officials claim that this latest move in shrinking the DEA (the South American regional office was recalled last year and earlier this year the Ankara R.O. was merged with Paris), will not impair efficiency.

The Paris R.O. was formed at the height of the "French Connection" during the early '70s, to allow high-level DEA officers easier access to European governments. This was part of DEA attempts to impress on those governments the seriousness of the smack situation. Now, with heroin use booming all over Europe, governments are well aware of the situation. So, with budget cuts necessary, it's time to

recall the Paris R.O.

At the same time, though, the situation in West Germany is so bad that the DEA is considering adding agents here and there. In a country with a population of around 62,000,000 there are an estimated 68,000-80,000 heroin addicts. Reported overdose deaths have increased from 9 in 1969 to 430 in 1978, to 616 in 1979. The 1979 figure represents 99 deaths per million population, about six times the present reported U.S. rate of 1.64. But the U.S. still has the worst of the smack epidemic to come.

For the record, though Paris administrative staff are being hauled back to D.C., the DEA is still maintaining district offices and agents in Paris, Marseilles, London, Madrid, Rome, Milan, Bonn, Frankfurt, Munich, Hamburg, Brussels, Vienna, Copenhagen and the Hague. With plans to open another office in Holland, it would seem that the DEA still has Europe fairly well covered.

Yet such were the anxieties of staff at the Paris R.O. when the closure was announced that a State Department official was sent from D.C. to reassure them. The official said that, if necessary, extra staff could be taken on in D.C. to cope with the difficulties of



The Lucky Ones: Waiting for release at Ghazr prison, Tehran, are some of the 460 Iranians accused of drug offenses who were freed in a spontaneous act of government mercy at the end of the Moslem holy month of Ramadan. More than 100 other accused traffickers had been snuffed by firing squads by order of Iran's notorious "hangin' judge," Ayatollah Sadegh Khalkali.

# 23 WALK IN RECORD CANADA POT BUST



Sgt Teller

Canadian police and army officials off-loaded 33.5 tons of grade-A weed early this year at No Name Bay in the biggest Canadian pot snatch in history. To the astonishment and chagrin of prosecutors, the entire ship's crew of 16 Colombians and 7 Americans was ultimately acquitted and set free after a high-powered panel of five defense attorneys managed to sell a "defense of distress" to a sympathetic jury. (The defendants claimed they were headed for Alaska and only landed on the British Columbian coast because their rusted tub was no longer seaworthy.) But many observers feel the jury-selection process was the crucial factor. Canadian law allows each defendant to strike 12 jurors from the list of candidates. In this case that meant defense lawyers could pass over 276 people before settling on the 12 they considered most probably sympathetic.

monitoring territory thousands of miles away.

DEA officials are confident that recalling the Paris R.O. will not make America's drug

problems any worse. When one agent reportedly enquired, "But what about Europe?" his superior reportedly replied, "Fuck Europe."

## BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WHISKEY

DUBUQUE, IOWA—Alcoholism is a physically based behavioral disorder that may, in many cases, actually be hereditary, researchers at the University of Iowa have conclusively determined. Dr. Remi Cadoret, a psychologist, has found that children born to alcoholic parents, raised from infancy in foster homes, are statistically more likely than other foster-reared children to develop alcoholic syndromes in late adolescence.

The research team followed 92 adoptees, who were the offspring of alcoholic parents, through young adulthood, comparing them with a strictly matched group from nonalcoholic parents. Since all were adoptees, matched for age and sex, time spent in foster care and age of mother at birth, the causative factor of parent separation in later alcoholism was negated. "None of the environmental factors—psychiatric or alcohol problems in the adoptive family, or exposure to discontinuous mothering as an infant—predicted adoptee alco-

holism," Dr. Cadoret emphasized. "Many of these adoptees were well on their way to becoming alcoholics before they graduated from high school."

The confirmation of a biophysical component in some cases of alcoholism was not entirely surprising. Schizophrenia—which, like alcoholism, was long believed to be a purely emotional disorder—is now regarded by most authorities as a physical disease. Last year a Harvard team compared a matched group of adopted children of both schizophrenic and depressive parents and found indications that both conditions are, in many cases, both physical in origin and hereditary.

The confirmation that some alcoholics may be physically and genetically predisposed toward chronic inebriation ought both to lift much of the social stigma that attaches to alcoholics, and to suggest new and more effective methods for treating alcoholism.

# HASTY D.O.D. ACTION MAY LEAVE LOOPHOLES

continued from page 19  
spective purchaser will also have to explain the nature of his or his client's business. This information must now be supplied not only in the initial sale of a plane but for all subsequent sales "for the life of the plane." Furthermore, the Defense Property Disposal Sales Contracting Officer must approve each succeeding purchase.

Information on buyers and bidders will also be filtered through the Drug Enforcement Administration's computer data bank in El Paso, Texas, where, presumably, it will be matched against a list of known and suspected drug traders.

Adept smugglers, however, will likely find means to circumvent the new procedures, since the most severe suggested penalties for failure to comply are "suspension or debarment from future purchases of surplus aircraft." A middleman, hired on a one-shot basis by a smuggling entrepreneur, would have little to fear in transferring a plane to his sponsor without notifying the proper authorities.

The moratorium on sales and the new regulatory efforts came in response to complaints to the DOD from Sen. Harrison Schmitt of New Mexico who was miffed at ex-government hardware being used in the smuggling game. But, in an internal investigation carried out during the moratorium, the DOD determined through DEA statis-



The Martin PBM-5 Mariner flying boat, shown above being loaded aboard a seaplane carrier during the Korean War, is an example of the kind of military that, when retired and sold at auction, is easily adaptable to specialized smuggling needs.

tics, that only about 6 percent of the planes seized in drug busts over a sample period of 16 months were "of military origin."

In a letter to Schmitt summarizing the findings of the DOD's investigation, Assistant Secretary of Defense Robert B. Pirie minimized the impact of the moratorium on the smuggling business, pointing out that the 161 planes currently suspected of involvement with underground imports made up only 5 per-

cent of "the same military type cargo aircraft registered in the U.S. for civilian use."

Pirie also pointed out that surplus planes were necessary to such legitimate activities as firefighting, crop dusting and other spraying for insect control, general cargo hauling and flights by commuter airlines. The National Association of Aircraft and Communications Suppliers, Pirie said, had advised the DOD that "suspension of sales of surplus military aircraft would

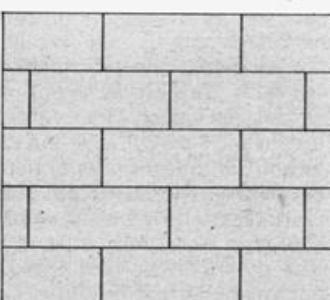
have a serious impact on its industry—a complex of several hundred firms, employing more than 10,000 people.

This along with loss of income to the government, which Pirie also mentioned in his letter to Schmitt, may explain why the moratorium was so quickly halted, and why the new DOD rules seem to contain some loopholes. One member of Senator Schmitt's staff said the DOD moves could be seen as an effort to provide a "quick fix."

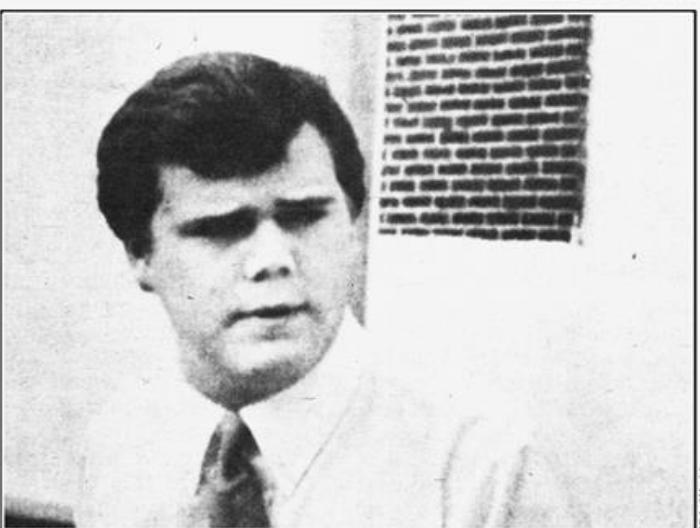
## PINK FLOYD'S "THE WALL" BANNED IN SOUTH AFRICA

The same censorship board that makes it a crime to read HIGH TIMES in perpetually uptight South Africa has slapped the clamps on Pink Floyd's hit recording of "The Wall." Student demonstrators against racial discrimination had adopted the song's lyric, "We don't want no education; we don't want no thought control," as a slogan in a nationwide school boycott.

As if to prove the students' point, the government Directorate of Publications, which has banned Tom Mix comic books in the past, shut off sales of all cassette and disc record-



ings of the song. However, in a rare moment of open-mindedness, the board simultaneously removed the D.H. Lawrence erotic classic, *Lady Chatterly's Lover* from its list of forbidden texts.



Wide World

And None Shall Be Saved from the Ravages of Reefer: Robert Michael Stapleton, nephew of President Carter and son of famed evangelist Ruth Carter Stapleton, is shown here beating a hasty retreat from a Houston, Texas, courthouse after paying \$650 in fines for possession of pot and driving while intoxicated.



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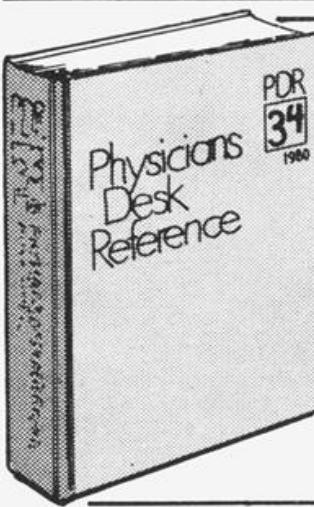
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## A RASTA'S SHOESTRING SMUGGLING SCHEME

continued from page 19  
that the boy's passport showed frequent travel between the United States and Jamaica and hinted that police had cracked a sinister international dope ring that seduced innocent children to do its dirty work. The mother, Patricia Newman, who, police said, had seen the boy off in Kingston, was being sought for questioning, as was a man who had attempted to meet the child at Kennedy and then disappeared.

Jason was held incommunicado for about six weeks somewhere in the labyrinth of the New York Department of Social Services. Meanwhile, his father, Cowell Newman of Brooklyn, fought a legal battle to free the boy from the clutches of the benevolent authorities and gain custody. The mother, who had apparently left her tot holding the bag, seemed to have dropped from sight.

Cowell Newman eventually did claim his child, whose custody he had relinquished to Patricia in a 1978 divorce, and the story drifted out of

the public eye. The culprits, it seemed, had escaped justice.

The real story, gleaned from police information and informed HIGH TIMES sources, is sadder and more mundane than the tale of exploitation and intrigue woven by newspapers out of the scraps of information then available.

Patricia, the pregnant mother of Jason whom international authorities were seeking for questioning in Jamaica, was herself behind bars in Philadelphia, having been busted five days before Jason, for trying to carry weed through customs in the City of Brotherly Love. She had been caught, according to official statements, with a duffel bag containing 15 pounds of pot (12.5 was the estimate of the HIGH TIMES source). Desperate for money to support herself, Jason and her unborn child, she had acquiesced to a shoestring smuggling scheme. The "mastermind" was a friend, a Jamaican Rastafarian, who was trying to bail himself out of a financial jam.

Patricia, locked up in Philadelphia, was unaware that her son was in custody, or even that he had participated in a smuggling plot. The friend who had packed her duffel bag, having received no communication from Patricia since her departure from Jamaica, had decided to augment the plan by packing some additional pounds in a false bottom he constructed in Jason's suitcase. He flew from Kingston to Kennedy on a different airline scheduled to arrive just before Jason's plane.

The would-be smuggler smelled trouble when he found Jason in the company of a customs agent and excused himself, ostensibly to retrieve identification from his car. On the way out, he was further alerted by a sympathetic Jamaican, who had observed Jason's initial encounter with the authorities. The luckless Rasta then fled in a taxi to Brooklyn, where he learned that Patricia had been popped in Philly and that his ambitious plans had produced a harvest of suffering and

humiliation.

Knowing he was hunted by the police, the man who had planned this debacle then traveled to Philadelphia and anonymously sought the aid of the Marijuana Users Association of America, a black organization actively promoting legalization. With their support, he helped raise money to pay for legal fees, and together they attempted to accumulate the \$50,000 bail that was required for Patricia's release.

Police did not discover the connection between the two Newman smuggling cases for several weeks, but when they did, court proceedings were delayed. Finally, in her eighth month of pregnancy, Patricia Newman was deported back to Jamaica and separated, possibly permanently, from her son Jason.

The Rastaman, whose mistakes led to all this, returned to Jamaica as well, in an effort to do what he could to help Patricia through the birth of her child.

So goes another tale of the "criminal underworld."

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# RITALIN COOLS OUT SCHOOL TEACHERS, TOO

IRVINE, CALIFORNIA—Teachers get along better with hyperactive children who've been medicated with methylphenidate (Ritalin) than they do with unmedicated hyperactive children, a study at the University of California here suggests. A group of 22 boys, between ages 7 and 11, who had been diagnosed as hyperactive and put on Ritalin for at least three months, were compared in a five-week classroom study program with 39 similar boys who weren't diagnosed as hyperactive. Their interactions with the teacher (who had no foreknowledge of the experiment) were videotaped daily. Afterward, among other things, the videotapes were rated as to how the teacher reacted with the pupils.

For the first half of the study, 11 of the hyperactive boys were taken off Ritalin and given a placebo instead; for the second half of the study, the other 11 hyperactive boys were given placebos, while the original group went back on the medication. Throughout the period, both groups of hyperactive boys—

medicated and nonmedicated—shared the classroom with the 39 nonhyperactive boys.

The results showed that the teacher, an experienced elementary-school instructor, tended generally to pay more attention to the unmedicated hyperactive boys, and especially to exhibit "control" behavior toward them—commanding, warning, admonishing and so on. As the study went on, it appeared that she manifested more and more "control" behavior toward them, until with the second nonmedicated group (the ones who presumably began acting impulsive and distractable three weeks into the study, when their Ritalin was changed to placebo) she was manifesting nearly twice as much "control" behavior toward them.

By contrast, during the first half of the experiment, she manifested only half as much "control" behavior toward the medicated students as she did toward the nonhyperactive control group of students. It's been well established that hyperactive

children on Ritalin tend to "perform" better in schoolrooms than nonmedicated hyperactive children; the results of this study suggest that they "behave" better as well, in terms of the amount of time teachers have to spend admonishing, warning and commanding them.

During the second half of the study, when the first group of hyperactive boys were back on medication, the teacher showed about as much "control" behavior toward them as she did toward the nonhyperactive group. This twofold increase in "control" behavior toward medicated hyperactive students is most likely accounted for by the fact that these kids had been giving her a lot of trouble for two and a half weeks, and she could neither understand nor rationally depend on their sudden reversion to "normal," nonhyperactive behavior.

Significantly, the teacher tended to call the medicated hyperactive children by name, more often than either the "acting-out" hyperactive or the nonhyperactive boys. Something unique in the chil-

dren's behavior while on the drug, this suggests, promoted a special sense of familiarity or affinity in the teacher. (Or maybe they were a little too laid-back and needed this special attention.)

Concluded Irvine researcher Dr. Carol Whalen in the June 13, 1980, issue of *Science* magazine, "Methylphenidate apparently normalizes both hyperactive children's classroom behavior and teacher-student interchanges." This conclusion was prefaced, however, with the observation that very little is known about the long-term effects of Ritalin therapy on hyperactive children. Ritalin, it was concluded, might offer "short-term" gains in improving some children's attention and retention in the school, reducing the amount of special attention they need from their teachers, at the expense of other students; but the Irvine researchers emphasized the need for "more extensive monitoring of treatment outcomes," in order to judge if these short-term gains might be negated by long-range problems.

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# SCIENCE MAG BLOWS WHISTLE ON CHROMOSOME-BREAK SCARE

by Dean Latimer

NEW YORK CITY—"It's a scary thing to tell people they have chromosome breaks," says Dr. Arthur Bloom of Columbia University. "But the breaks are by no means a harbinger of cancer or birth defects."

Ironically, Dr. Bloom's comment on the negligible significance of chromosome damage appeared in *Science* magazine last summer almost simultaneously with a two-day "drug-abuse seminar" held at Columbia, largely organized and moderated by Columbia anesthesiologist Dr. Gabriel Nahas. It was Dr. Nahas who, in the early '70s, claimed to have found "chromosome breaks" in the blood cells of marijuana smokers, and who stridently claims that such chromosome changes are sure to result in an epidemic of cancer and birth defects among American pot smok-

ers. So at the conference here, Nahas read his chromosome-break warnings into the anti-pot record for the umpteenth time, while an article in that very week's *Science* clearly showed his birth-defect and cancer warnings to be gross overextrapolations from insignificant evidence.

To double the irony, the *Science* special article on the negligible effects of chromosome breaks, by staff writer Gina Barikolata, ran as a sidebar to a major article downplaying widespread public alarm over the Love Canal episode in Buffalo, New York, where perhaps thousands of people have unknowingly been exposed, for years, to extreme levels of highly toxic industrial waste. In order to quell anxiety over studies indicating that Love Canal victims may have more broken chromosomes than normal, *Science* did a brisk, neat rundown on



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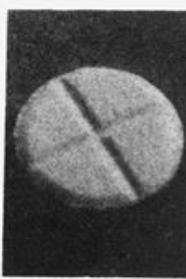
the insignificance of chromosome damage in terms of possible cancer or birth defects.

First of all, Barikolata noted, chromosome breaks in human cells occur inadvertently, all the time, as the result of colds, flu, X rays, exposure to

sunlight, and the simple aging process.

Most tellingly, though, Barikolata pointed out that one can't possibly determine, from inspecting chromosome breaks in human cells, whether these breaks could give rise

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to cancer or birth defects. Blood cells particularly are involved with neither the development of cancer nor any phase of sperm production or fetal gestation. While chromosomes do indeed program genetic and hereditary changes, breaks in chromosomes can't be interpreted as having any influence in birth defects. The only birth-defect condition known to arise from chromosome abnormalities is Down's syndrome, or mongolism—and it's caused by the existence of an extra chro-

mosome, not by damage to chromosomes.

"Cells with damaged chromosomes," points out Barikola, "usually die or repair the damage." They do not function abnormally themselves or cause other cells to malfunction.

Dr. Nahas and several other researchers who claim to have found broken chromosomes in the blood cells of pot smokers generally omit, either through design or ignorance, to mention what other chrome-snapping agents

their pot smokers have been exposed to; nearly every other drug, including caffeine and alcohol and aspirin, causes some degree of chromosome break. But since these breaks are associated with no known diseases or birth defects, snapped chromosomes should not be a cause for public concern.

According to the Atlanta Center for Disease Control (CDC), a full-scale epidemiological study of American pot smokers, lasting for years, would be needed to determine if marijuana is in any way implicated either in the development of cancer or of birth defects. (Since marijuana's illegal, of course, no such study can possibly be undertaken.)

Even such a study, however, might inevitably turn up untranslatable, ambiguous results. Contrary to popular opinion, only a very small percentage of people in the United States—less than 7 percent—smoke pot regularly, and that percentage is not increasing. According to University of Michigan statistics on pot smoking, incidence of marijuana use did rise in the United States throughout the early and mid '70s, just as the availability of the drug in-

creased. After 1976, though, when, in effect, every U.S. citizen who desired marijuana could obtain it, a saturation level was reached; from a peak of less than 10 percent in 1977, the incidence of U.S. pot smoking has continually fallen. This decrease in incidence of grass use has been seen in every category, including school-age people.

With a group of users this small, marijuana would not have to be particularly toxic to cause significantly higher rates of cancer or birth defects. In the matter of birth defects alone, notes the CDC, in the general U.S. population there is a steady 11 percent incidence of birth defects, while nearly half of all pregnancies end in spontaneous abortions. If pot were toxic enough to promote a significant increase in these statistics, the unmistakable evidence would have been recorded long ago. However, the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic in San Francisco—which informally monitors the incidence of birth defects among its grass-smoking maternity patients—has seen no signs, over the last ten years, that pot smokers have any increased statistical incidence of birth defects.



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## OPEN LETTER FROM A POT GROWER

# LOBBYING FOR LEGALIZATION

### TACTICS FOR GROWER CITIZENS

by Alex Smart

Laws get made and unmade largely in response to various pressure groups or organized campaigns. In the case of the marijuana industry, we growers have a lot at stake in the issue of legalization, and so do the economies of the areas in which we are concentrated. Yet there is understandably little organized effort in our own behalf. The pressure on us, however, is not going to abate immediately, and we must get our heads out of the sand, face the realities of the political context within which we operate and move to influence the course of the future.

Growers cannot expect anyone else to represent our interests in the attempt to legalize marijuana. We have a serious responsibility to ourselves and our communities. The way this responsibility must be exercised is through the age-old game known as

lobbying.

"Lobbying," my dictionary tells me, is: "activities aimed at influencing public officials." In our case, lobbying necessarily must have two aims: convincing public officials that marijuana and its cultivation should be legalized; and assuring that agribusiness is not the exclusive heir to the domestic cultivation industry. Neither of these goals will be easy to achieve.

Growers must face the difficult task of exerting influence without jeopardizing our freedom, a difficult undertaking when our activities are felonious in every state in the union. The thrust of our efforts must be divided between legislators and the public itself. Only when legitimate elements of society recognize the importance of the marijuana trade to their economies will enough support be generated to change the laws.

What follows is a tentative lobbying strategy for growers. The goal is the legalization of cultivation, distribution, sale and use of marijuana and the establishment of provisions which will assure the continuing prosperity of regions where domestic cultivation currently thrives.

The first group we need to convince is our fellow growers. The best method is talking to friends. Growers need to see lobbying activities as comparable in importance to fencing, irrigation or alert systems. Our survival as growers depends on it no less than on the nitty-gritty of cultivation techniques.

Once the awareness of growers has been established, it must be focused in action. The first thrust is necessarily local. A letter campaign is a good initial step. Letters directed to the opinion pages of local newspapers, to regional politicians like county commissioners or supervisors, and even to D.A.'s and sher-

iffs, should consistently emphasize certain themes: the right of people to exercise their freedom of choice in smoking marijuana as an extension of our tradition of individual freedoms; the incredible and unwarranted expenditure of public monies on marijuana enforcement and attempted eradication; the amount of money being generated in the local economy; the tax dollars lost; and the rehabilitation value of the crop, especially in areas where marijuana is compensating for a declining resource base.

Such a letter campaign educates people to the complexities of the issue and serves as a kind of public-relations effort for growers, showing that we are concerned citizens who care about and understand the dynamics of the community and our role in it. The letters can make it clear that we are seeking to avoid the seamier consequences of criminal economies. Also letters can help officials make decisions

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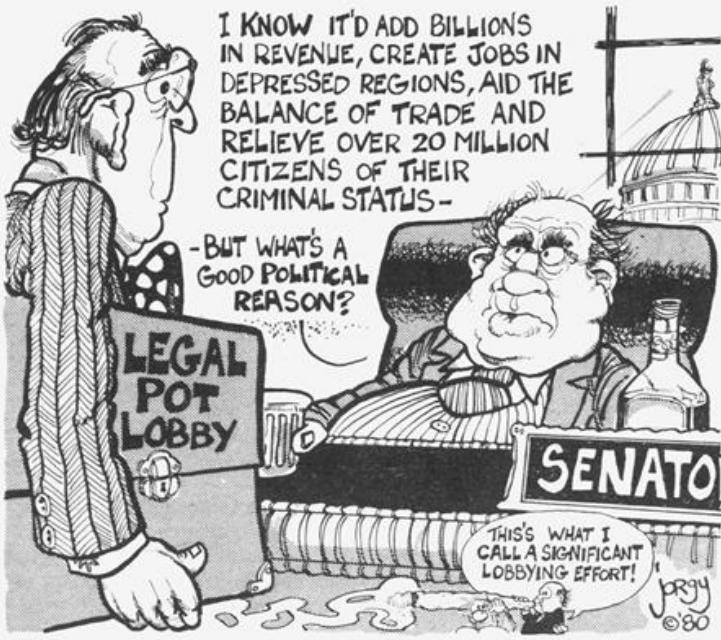
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at local levels, decisions which may not change the law, but which can influence how enforcement is applied. An example is the decision by the board of supervisors of one northern California county to refuse a DEA grant package for the infamous "Sinsemilla Strike Force."

Often it is possible to find spokespersons to attend meet-

ings of local bodies. These people should not themselves be growers, but should be people who have contact with growers and their communities. The most likely individuals are lawyers who represent growers in cultivation cases and who believe in the necessity of legalization. They should, of course, attend public meetings that deal directly

with enforcement, but should also be present at economic planning committees and agricultural study groups. Such advocates can play an important role in keeping the marijuana cultivation issue in correct perspective. The more marijuana is seen as an influence in the local agricultural and economic process, the greater the likelihood for positive change.

Regional activities such as these are important because they develop understanding of an area's dependence upon cultivation and instill the need to change the law in such a way that cultivation can continue to generate income for the region. The laws themselves are changed in state and national legislatures, and it is in this arena that growers face their most difficult challenge. Local efforts, especially if they succeed in recruiting local officials to the cause, will apply to the higher legislative levels.

The task of convincing legislators of the need to legalize commercial marijuana cultivation is an admittedly awesome one which will not (ask NORML) be accomplished overnight, but it must be be-

gun with legislators who represent growing regions. They are much more aware than their colleagues of the impact of cultivation upon their districts. Again the pseudonym-signed letter is an effective technique for bringing information and suggestions to their attention. We must spell out our perceptions and solutions in detail to our representatives. If restrictions which favor the small grower are to be achieved, the specific measures (such as acreage limitations) must be clearly explained to the lawmakers.

Another effective measure is contributing to existing lobbying organizations such as NORML, CAMP or the Freedom Co-op. These groups, though they generally represent the consumer, are experienced lobbyists and important allies.

It is not an easy struggle, but it's an unavoidable one. The dynamics of history which have created the strange legal/cultural eddy within which we presently, if precariously, prosper, will impel us toward extinction if we don't begin to create our own alternatives and convince others of their value.

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# SINSEMILLA BLOOMS DOWN UNDER

by Bud Bogart

Globetrotters, Englishmen and readers of this column are probably aware by now that next to the United States, Australia is the secondmost dope kingdom of the world. It has to do with the frontier, fun-loving atmosphere in Aussieland, which also consumes more alcohol per capita than most countries. The head culture is tight-knit, responsive and enterprising. Dope laws are almost as bad there now as they were here in the '50s and '60s, and smuggling is a big bust, but to many of the obstreperous Aussies this just spices up the taste of what dope they get.

In Melbourne, Queensland and a great portion of New South Wales there is a wide-ranging drug scene marketing everything from passable toot to a number of commercial psychedelics. But the big news this year is the sinsemilla crop, which rates in size and quality right behind the United States. It began in the mid '70s when Mullumbimby madness made a smoking debut to a skeptical audience. The seeded indigenous weed that grew along the banks of the Mullumbimby River\* not only became an overnight legend in Aussie heads, but demonstrated the potential for cultivated marijuana. This year, after five years of experimentation and hard work, they hit the jackpot: Connoisseur boo, both indicus and sativa, is rolling out of the fields and into Bambus.

Not all of this success can be attributed to the natives. Australia has the mixed karma of being right in the path of a western-moving tide of counterculture civilization, and it is the counterculture, one must remember, that is the mother of all great sinsemilla growth. California sinsemilla appeared in the mid '70s, grown by movers-on from Haight-Ashbury to St. Marks Place in New York City. Next it was Hawaii, and for a couple of years great sinsemilla came from there, until it got too hot. Today it is infinitely more difficult to grow a respectable harvest in Hawaii than it was five years ago. Said one of several prospective growers who decided against trying for a crop there this year, "It was like rats rushing aboard a sinking ship."

Six months ago this column reported on a group of people from California who established a sinsemilla collective down under. Their report: as good as anything they'd seen in California. The weather and soil conditions are superb in many areas (it's a big place—more detailed reports will follow on where these areas are), and fears of ripoffs and busts almost nil. The only problem is water, an easily surmountable obstacle if you have a pickup truck and enough barrels. Other sources in Australia have reported a bumper sinsemilla crop this year, and though it is in no way close to the mass-market level of Northern California, it soon could be.

\*After a hundred dollars worth of phone calls and consultation with a map we are still seeking a correct spelling of this obscure waterway. Would someone who lives nearby please check the spelling on the road signs and write us?

Recently potheads in Australia got a morale boost when two marijuana lovers made good. Mark Kerry and Mark Tonelli, booted out of the Australian 1978 Commonwealth Games Team just prior to the competition when it was discovered that they had left the team compound to smoke a couple of joints, came back at the Moscow Olympics and won Australia its first gold medal in eight years. The key men in Australia's crack medley-relay swimming team victory proved, as one longtime smoker noted, that "they did not seem to be victims of amotivational syndrome."

**North to Alaska:** Readers of the Big Board may have noticed that prices in Alaska have been dropping the last couple of months. This won't keep up, as the drought that swept the country in late summer eventually gets its digs into the tundra, but it does reflect the assimilation of Alaska into the mainland market flow, with a consequent lowering of prices. Much of this is due to the fat bankrolls floating around Alaska as a result of oil and land development bonanzas the last few years. Alaskans are able to swing the cash-on-the-barrelhead packages that dealers along the West Coast from Vancouver to San Diego are now demanding. Also, Alaska continues to appeal to nomadic types who occasionally carry along dope to barter with the natives.

"What price/do I have to pay/to keep from going through all these things twice?" dept. Is there a new heroin epidemic, or is this merely the figment of ambitious journalists' imaginations, as was the swine flu, paraquat, the Kohouek comet, killer bees and the endless list of fabricated catastrophes that earn the press corps its daily scones? True, there was a brief blip on the dope scopes following the tumult in Iran when great deals of potent Iranian heroin and opium flowed into the United States. But according to Drug Enforcement Administration intelligence, and better yet, the word of several big-time pot dealers who scrutinize the marketplace for combustibles, the surge of high-grade smack was in all likelihood the result of dope rings operating under the shah who suddenly got out of business and fire-saled their wares. The top-grade opium that was around then (see this department in HIGH TIMES about a year ago, where I foolishly predicted opium could be the hot drug of the '80s) has long since disappeared, and the abundance of super heroin seems also to have vanished. The scare stories—in Soho News, Rolling Stone and among gossip columnists at all major media centers—seem mainly to revolve around a resurgence of heroin among rock stars and their ilk.

But one must remember that this is part of the glamour and romance of rock stars, and they love to claim they are heroin addicts even if they aren't or never have been. A classic example is a current blond punk superstar who claims she was a her-

## **TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS**

AUSTRALIA													
Domestic grass	kangaroo boo	oz	30-40	Jamaican pot	seedly, super	oz	100-125	Moroccan hash	excellent head	oz	90-125		
Queensland "border" sticks	hot stuff	lb	350-550	Black Kashmir hash	high tide	lb	800-1050	Lebanese hash	this season	lb	1100-1750		
Mullumbimby madness	uncultivated but cute	oz	12-16	Moroccan hash	cheaper than ever	oz	100-150	Black Afghani hash	business as usual	lb	100-150		
Colombian pot	mostly 'mersh	lb	900	Paki black hash	hold onto your eyeballs	lb	60-85	Nepalese hash	costly but boss	lb	1400-1750		
Thai sticks	super but sparse	one	5-25	Nepal temple ball hash	from 6000 yrs experience	oz	750-1000	Paki hash	here today, gone today	lb	150-200		
Pseudo sticks	hold out for the real thing	one	10-20	Hash oil	palpable	lb	100-125	Hash oils	suitcase stashes	oz	1600-2200		
New Zealand homegrown	budding market	oz	100-120	LSD	considerable of late	one	1100-1250	Psilocybin mushrooms	out of favor	gm	140-180		
Domestic homegrown	rotten	lb	75	Cocaine	scarce but there	gm	150-200	Peyote	with buyers	oz	1600-2000		
Putty hash	adulterated Lebanese	lb	50-100	Opium	sticky as flypaper	oz	1750-2000	Cocaine	frozen, dried	oz	150		
Nepalese fingers	critic's choice	lb	300-500	Mandrax	limey 'ludes	one	20-30		primo this year	oz	1350-1800		
Indian hash oil	at times primo	gm	250-400			one	475-525		many "brand names"	lb	35-65		
Pakistani hash	knocks your socks off	oz	3000-4500			one	7-10	LSD	off	oz	500-1000		
Mushrooms LSD	ubiquitous Korean "tiles."	oz	350-400			one	500-700		off	oz	110-135		
Mandrax	still pharmaceutical here	one	5-7			one	135-180		1800-2500				
Cocaine	almost nonexistent of late	oz	100-120			oz	270						
		oz	300-500			oz	180-300						
		oz	100-120			lb	1800-2100						
		oz	3000-3200			one	3-6						
CANADA													
Commercial Colombian	tight in the bush	oz	55-75	JAPAN									
Gold and red Colombian	Montreal & Vancouver	lb	600-800	Colombian pot	scarce, feeble	oz	120-300	Methaqualone	mostly bathtub	one	3-6		
Hawaiian buds	aloha	oz	100-1200	Philippine pot	expanding market	lb	1200-1600	MDA	714s	100	200-500		
Jamaican pot	comeback bid	oz	325-350	Homegrown	around, not bad	oz	45-50	Crystal meth	best to analyze	gm	65-100		
Mexican tops	Yo-Yo market	lb	2800-3600	Thai sticks	tourist special	lb	500-600	Crosses and black beauts	more buyers	gm	50-90		
California sinsemilla	top dog on the streets	oz	60-100	Buddha sticks	rarity, superb	oz	90-120	PCP	than sellers	oz	900-1450		
Homegrown pot	some shit, some shinola	oz	275-325	Hokkaido sticks	handsome but dumb	oz	900-1200	Opium	resurgence	100	25-200		
Hash	lots of Leb	lb	2000-3000	Philippine hash	superstar	gr	25-40						
LSD	your choice	one	10-35	Lebanese hash	not worth it	oz	300-375						
Mandrax	authentic, Old World	ea	3-6	LSD	surprising variety	oz	50						
Cocaine	disco tool	oz	100's	Mushrooms	greenhouse	oz	50						
		oz	275-450	Cocaine	excellent	gr	25-50						
		oz	125-175	Speed	huh?	gr	80-150						
		oz	1850-2500		Japanese model	gr	75-85						
COLOMBIA													
Santa Marta golds, reds	tumultuous	oz	10-15	MEXICO									
Commercial domestic Colombian hash	more than ever	lb	60-100	Oaxacan tops	by the bronco-full	oz	7-12						
Hash oil	back to the drawing board	oz	2-5	Mexican sinsemilla	much pollinated	lb	60-120						
Mushrooms Cocaine	a loser, surprisingly not worth the effort	lb	30-80	Acapulco gold	kick-ass fume	oz	5-10						
	lots of lines	oz	100-225	Guerrero gold	muchos pesos when around	oz	50-80						
		lb	140-175	Cocaine	don't be a chump	oz	10-20						
		lb	1900-2500	Opium	searching for a market	oz	50-100						
ECUADOR													
Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10	THAILAND									
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much	lb	60-100	Pattaya Beach buds	intoxicating sticks	ea	50-83						
Esmeraldas swamp grass	a dog	oz	15-25	Loose buds	potency varies	lb	200-250						
Cocaine base	lots	lb	200	Philippine buds	hot new rising star	oz	150-250						
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	oz	40-60			lb	30						
LSD	imported	gr	negotiable			lb	250-300						
ENGLAND													
African grass	Congo bongo	oz	90-100	USA									
Colombian grass	down to a trickie	lb	750-1000	Commercial Mexican	Southern standard	oz	10-50						
Kashmir twist sticks	small but good	oz	100-175	Top-grade Mexican	back in the saddle again	lb	100-500						
Thai sticks	great, rare	oz	850-1200	Mexican sinsemilla	manana	oz	50-75						
Homegrown	shaping up as record year	one	110-130	California sinsemilla	early leaf and summer hybrids	oz	475-650						
		oz	15-25	Jamaican	low seed count	lb	60-75						
		lb	500-3000	Commercial Colombian	50-125	oz	500-600						
WEST GERMANY													
				Top-grade Colombian	550-1250	oz	50-125	Thai weed	4-inch sticks	ea	10-20		
				Mexican	35-45	lb	250-350	Asian and Colombian pot	oz	200	250-350		
				sinsemilla	375-450	lb	200	Moroccan hash	oz	1750-2500			
				Jamaican	70-100	oz	1750-2500	Lebanese hash	extremely rare	oz	5-8		
				Commercial Colombian	700-1000	oz	1750-2500	Turkish hash	green slabs	oz	125-150		
				sinsemilla	45-55	oz	1750-2500	Cocaine	not a big mover	oz	7-12		
				Jamaican	475-575	oz	1750-2500	Amphetamines	speedy relief	oz	2		
				Commercial Colombian	500-800	oz	1750-2500	Thai weed	available of late	oz	10-20		
				sinsemilla	500-800	oz	1750-2500	Asian and Colombian pot	available of late	oz	200		
				Jamaican	500-800	oz	1750-2500	Moroccan hash	available of late	oz	200		
				Commercial Colombian	500-800	oz	1750-2500	Lebanese hash	available of late	oz	200		
				sinsemilla	500-800	oz	1750-2500	Turkish hash	available of late	oz	200		
				Jamaican	500-800	oz	1750-2500	Cocaine	available of late	oz	200		
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				sinsemilla	500-800	oz	1750-2500	LSD	available of late	oz	200		

oin addict at one point in her long and tortuous climb to the top. In fact, people who have known her over the years say this is hogwash, press agentry invented by her flacks and enthusiastically maintained to lend her that rough-hewn, school-of-hard-cocks feminism that punk fans adore.

There is, naturally, plenty of heroin around and rock and blues stars still do their share of it, as they have from the

days of Billie Holliday on, and even before that. Every few years the activity gets dredged up and presented all over again as hot, earthshaking news, just long enough to squeeze out another book about Lenny Bruce, then the whole matter is forgotten again until the public consciousness has grown dim. Then the whole cycle starts over. Sid Vicious, you can go home again.

HIGH TIMES welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.

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# Dr. Hip.

by Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

Recently I caught sight of a memo posted in a hospital emergency room concerning juveniles and drugs. The hospital administrator advised that police be notified whenever a juvenile was treated in connection with drug use. Buried within the memo, in smaller print, was the stipulation that such notification be made at the request of the emergency physician on duty.

Previous painful experience has clearly demonstrated that when emergency treatment for drug overdoses or unpleasant drug reactions includes a mandatory encounter with the police, the ultimate result is more drug-related deaths and serious illnesses. Patients and their families will often delay or avoid medical treatment rather than risk a possible police record or arrest.

\* \* \*

Here's an example of a patient who might have died if he hadn't been taken promptly to an emergency room for treatment. Several people had acquired a large chunk of black Khomeini, supposedly pure Persian opium. Our patient took a big hit from the opium pipe, lay on his back and promptly stopped breathing. His friends started mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and put him in a cold bath but couldn't arouse him. Given Narcan (a narcotic antidote) intravenously in the emergency room, he sat up promptly, looking bewildered, and asked, "Where am I?"

His friends were carrying several bottles of Perrier water. They didn't want him to befoul his body by drinking our tap water. When the patient was ready to go



home his friends asked what they might feed him. I suggested beginning with some chicken soup but they sneered at the idea because they ate only uncooked vegetables. Drank them, really, since all their food was run through a juicer.

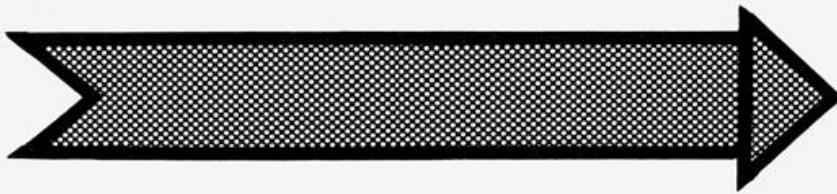
And now the case of a woman I'll call Mindy, who decided to sniff some cocaine while her most significant other was away one night, leaving her alone and bored. Mindy laid out two long lines of powder and sniffed the mirror clean. Oops! Wrong white powder. Mindy had really gotten into a Baggie of pure LSD. Before oozing into the floor and a coma Mindy recognized her mistake and informed a roommate.

As Mindy's stomach was pumped in a nearby emergency room, her most significant other reached me by telephone. I recalled reading a medical-journal article about several people who'd made the same mistake but recovered after hospital treatment. Just to be sure, I called Dr. Richard "Toby" Rappolt, editor of *Clinical Toxicology*. Turned out that Toby was personally familiar with that earlier LSD mishap. Told me that 22,000 micrograms of acid were recovered from just one sample of the stomach contents of one of those patients. Seems that all involved recovered without any known permanent effects except a pronounced distaste for recreational drugs. Mindy's friend was relieved when I told him what I'd learned.

Sure enough, Mindy was discharged from the hospital the following day and now seems, if not normal, at least the way she was before her LSD accident. Will she have a permanent aversion to recreational drugs? We'll see. □

*Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to Dr. Hip, HIGH TIMES, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.*

# HAVE YOU SEEN THIS AD?



## WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT'S ABOUT?

It's the low-down on growing the finest Sinsemilla around. It's a publication called the "Ole Homegrown Quarterly". It's the most complex growing methods broken down into a system as easy as painting by numbers. It provides vital information that is valuable whether you have been growing for years or just starting on your first crop.

The Quarterly starts you from seed:

"The best way of (storing seeds) is to put them into a glass jar with a tightly fitting lid (like a canning jar), put two or three tablespoons of powdered milk into a piece of paper towel, fold and put into the jar with the seeds."

and goes on:

"...the importance of good light. That is a factor which can definitely make or break a crop. Grow less, but under adequate lights rather than a huge crop under poor lights which will yield nothing more than frustration."

"You cannot have too much light, but you can have an extraordinary electric bill, which, even if you can afford it, may send up red flags all over the place"

"Sinsemilla is a seedless flower. The method for obtaining such a flower is by not allowing it to pollinate. The cannabis has both a male and a female plant and cannot be pollinated without the presence of a male plant. Therefore, since vasectomies on cannabis have not yet been perfected, the way to avoid this problem is simply to yank out the males before they start producing pollen (ah cruel world). Point is, which is the male and which is the female?

Fortunately, nature has lent us a helping hand here...

Pruning will always start at the bottom of the plant and work itself upward in graduating stages. Lower branches will mature first and will require the first work. Remember in the last issue the discussion on sun leaves? These will be the first to go!"



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### What the readers have to say:

"I have read to the best of my knowledge everything available on the cultivation of marijuana, and I get the most value out of your publication."

"I have read all the hydroponic literature, and your explanation for growing California Cannabis is the best."

"It is the best, most truthful, no B.S. account of dope growing I have ever encountered."

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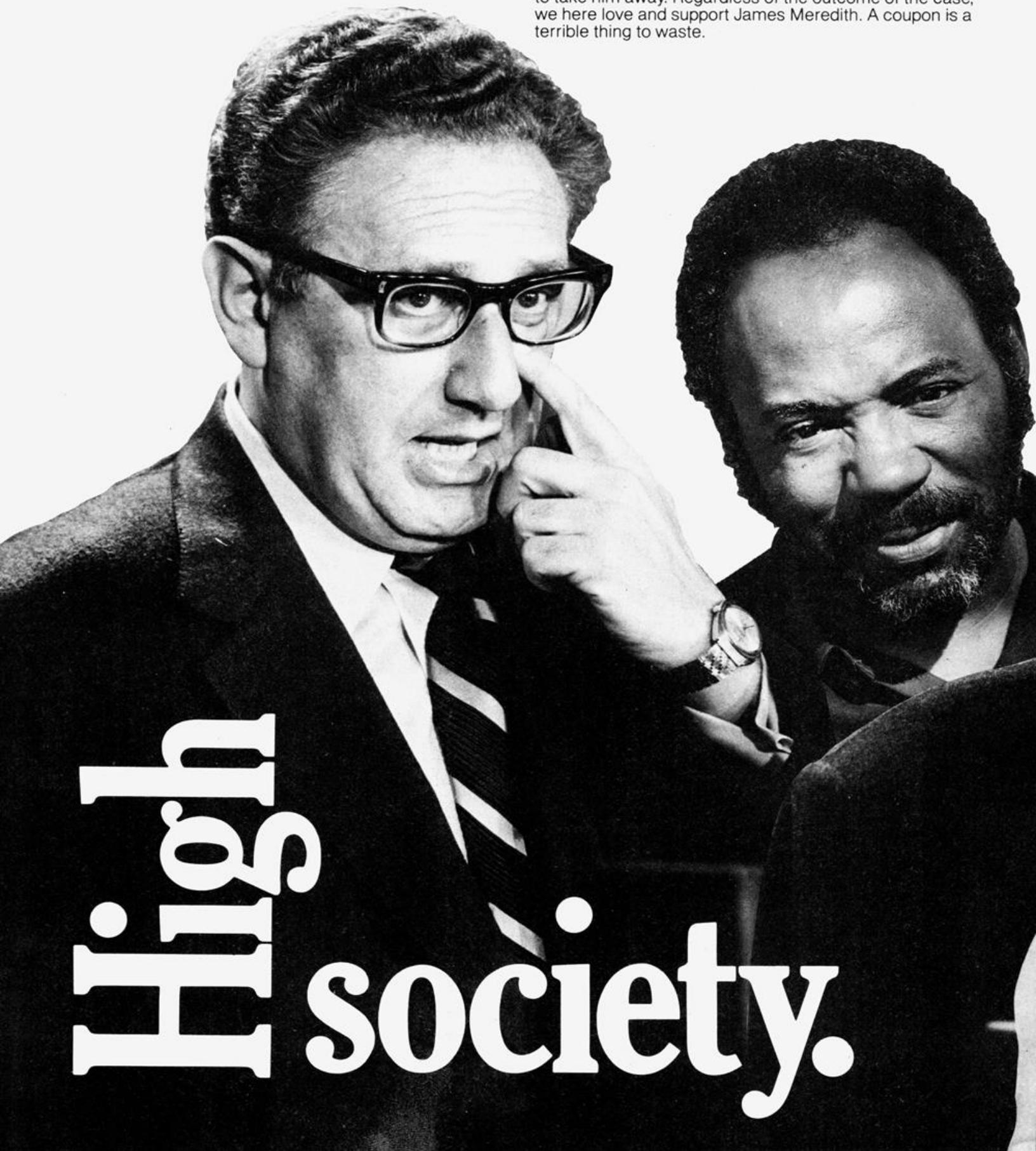
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**Henry Kissinger** thought he suffered nothing more than a nasty bump on the head when he fell off a platform before delivering a speech in St. Louis earlier this year. But the subsequent abberant behavior exhibited by Dr. K. has got Washington insiders wringing their hands. Among other things it is alleged that Kissinger has taken to whispering the word "kishka" into the ears of passersby and refuses to enter any room with broadloom carpeting.

Though he needed a court order and federal troops to get him into the University of Mississippi in 1962, famous ex-collegian **James Meredith** had little trouble integrating the Jackson, Mississippi, hoosegow recently. Dining out at a local Pizza Hut, Meredith tried to pay for his meal with cash and a coupon advertising "buy two pizzas, get one free." There was a misunderstanding with the manager, and when Meredith started hollering the cops were called to take him away. Regardless of the outcome of the case, we here love and support James Meredith. A coupon is a terrible thing to waste.



Resting comfortably tonight is Soviet president **Leonid Brezhnev**, thanks to the efforts of one Dzhuna Davitashvili. For it was she, Davitashvili, a Russian faith healer, who put the bounce back in the Russian strongman's step. The darling of Moscow intellectuals, Davitashvili is descended from a long line of "sensitives" and has cured many prominent Russians in recent months. There is, though, a dark side to this seemingly felicitous series of events. Rumor has it that Premier Kosygin, in the throes of acute hemorrhoidal agony, has been denied Miss Davitashvili's favors. As Davitashvili was alleged to have said, "Premier or no premier, I am definitely not touching that case."



**Rev. Billy James Hargis** of Tulsa, Oklahoma, has had another brush with Beelzebub. Recently, the communications satellite used to broadcast his evangelical program had malfunctioned thanks to the communist conspiracy, "a tool of Satan." A few years back Hargis was in hot water when five students at his American Christi College (four of them men) accused him of having sexual relations with them. At first Hargis denied the claims, then said it was a communist plot. Finally, he owned up and admitted that Satan had worked through *his* tool.

And speaking of Satanic lustbuckets, **Brigitte Bardot** announced last month that she no longer will engage in any sort of public cervix whatsoever. Instead the aging French sex kitten will center her activities around working for the protection and preservation of members of the animal kingdom. Beavers perhaps???



Joel F. Nagrnick © 1980

Interview:

# Women in White

## High Times interviews two lady coke dealers

by Lesley Morrison

Cocaine has always been pictured as a male-dominance drug. In classical Peruvian times, it was the top Inca honchos who smugly chewed their coca cuds while the virgin maidens of Riobamba and Titicaca were sacrificed in gaudy fertility ceremonies to ensure an abundant harvest for next season's crop. When Europe discovered coke a hundred years ago, repressed Victorian docs like Siggy Freud snorted it to erase their weirdo repressions, to raise their minds up off leather bicycle seats and soiled silk hankies long enough to Perpetrate the Act on their long-suffering sweethearts. Even today, most people conceive the woman's role in the coke trade to consist of nervously muling Bolivian-woven handbags full of snort past airport dope dogs, while the men have all the fun, counting the money and shooting the guns and dropping each

other in the river.

In reality, the modern cocaine scene abounds with sleek, chic young strumpets of snort. If you don't hear much of them, it's because they commonly give good weight, cut clean and lightly, keep tight security, and discreetly disdain to engage in the kind of macho bluff-and-threat numbers that provoke gunplay and drownings among male coqueros. These new "ladies of the white" have, in fact, brought an unprecedented level of professionalism and glamour to the industry which has gained the respect of even such hide-bound traditionalist dope movers as Lesley Morrison.

Morrison, whose intermittent and unpredictable dispatches from the uttermost fringes of the global narcotics trade have made him a HIGH TIMES legend, surprised

us doubly this time by filing this interview from deep in the heart of darkest Manhattan. "Liz and Camille," he explained on the tape, "dwell in a tasteful jet-powered houseboat on the Hudson with a stirring view of the George Washington Bridge, the midtown skyline, and spacious New York harbor, through which they regularly hydrofoil in broad daylight to retrieve consignments of coke buoyed next to Grancolombia pleasure liners. The interview was conducted just after one such midday sortie, with the goosebumps and pretty glistening water droplets still freshly sprinkled about their comely bikini marks. If before this I had harbored vague chauvinist resentments against women horning in onto the coke fraternity, I confess that I have been thoroughly—and very deftly—blandished out of them."

**Liz:** Want another blow?

**High Times:** Yes, I'd love one, thanks.

**Camille:** This coke is our latest product. I may be biased, but I think it's some of the best coke that's been around in a long time.

**High Times:** What country did it originate from?

**Liz:** Colombia.

**Camille:** It actually came in two different shipments. The total was 80 kilos. Each was individually sealed in plastic.

**High Times:** Did the coke have a lot of rocks in it?

**Ladies:** A lot...a lot of rocks.

**High Times:** I guess that's good for sales.

**Liz:** Uh-huh, cosmetics means a lot. It's easy to sell when anything's pretty, including oneself.

**Camille:** We tested this coke to see if the rocks were reconstituted. Reconstituting is a popular method now of making rocks out of coke that's already been cut. It looks as if they're pure natural rock formations. The microscope is an excellent way of finding out if the coke was reconstituted. That's where cosmetics comes in. The reason for making rocks out of the shake or loose coke is that people want to see rocks and the South Americans know it. They oblige the buyer by making the rocks synthetically and, while they're at it, adding cut to it before making the rocks.

When it gets to the States, there are people who do the same thing to the coke—add more cut to it and reprocess the coke to make more rocks. It's really disgusting. That's why I think there is no pure coke found in America anymore.

**High Times:** What do you look for, cosmetically speaking. What is the most salable coke in town? Rocks? Flakes?

**Camille:** Depends on who you're selling to. I used to think it was rocks, but now I see that not everybody feels that way, especially dealers. There's flake that's almost all one consistency. No rocks, but tastes good, looks good—in fact, looks beautiful, with iridescent flakes that shine beautifully.

**Liz:** Camille, who was it that had coke that was so shiny we were suspicious?

**Camille:** It was that guy from Miami. He said that the last time he was in New York, people had tired of his huge rocks and wanted flaky coke, so that's what he brought this time. Sure was flaky, wasn't it? The time before that he remembered people demanding rocks—the bigger the better—so he had the labs make up the coke with huge rocks. Remember, we lent it to HIGH TIMES for the centerfold with the girl holding it in her hand: "Ooh la la cocaine," I think it was called.

Anyway, he walked in and knew we

were going to love it. No one had ever seen such huge rocks—they were boulders. He confessed to me that he could have his lab make up any kind of coke we wanted—shiny, hard-brITTLE, soft and thuddy.

**High Times:** Sophisticated cutting's become much more prevalent nowadays. Is there anything people can do to protect themselves against that?

**Liz:** Well, it depends upon how you're buying it. If you're buying a gram of coke and it's from a friend, you hope—you assume—they know what they are talking about and that they will sell you coke that's not cut to shit. And if the seller doesn't know, well, you're out a hundred bucks. Knowing how sophisticated the methods are now, I wouldn't just buy something on hearsay. I try not to lay out money up front anyway, and I'd do a number of tests before buying in weight.

**Camille:** Nothing shocks me anymore. I recently saw a good friend of mine making his own press. He was ready to cut coke I had sold him and make new rocks out of the cut coke.

**High Times:** Obviously the profit incentive is there.

**Camille:** Really. That's looking at it in a cold-blooded way, yet that's what I've learned about the cocaine business.

*continued*

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**High Times:** About terminology: When you see the traditional roundish rock, but it flakes, do you call it a rock? Or is it a flake? What do you call it? A rock or flake?

**Liz:** I'm not sure if it would be a rock or flake. I get real simple with terms, like calling it the hard stuff and the soft stuff, referring to rock and shake, or powder and flake. Call it anything you want, just don't call me late to the mirror.

**Camille:** You can tell if there's cut in the coke when you're making lines on a mirror. Coke that's been cut a lot doesn't make smooth, straight lines—the lines come out broken up and clumpy. Yet we've gotten around that, too, by heating the cut until it's liquefied again. When it dries, it crystallizes in a different way and makes real smooth lines and has an extra bit of shine to it. And coke that's a bit damp will make the same choppy, clumpy lines, whether cut or not, so that blows that theory.

**High Times:** What do you think people are looking for in coke? Do they want speedy coke, mellow coke? Does the average buyer want a specific head?

**Camille:** I think it's an individual thing. Because some people want it speedy, some people want it smooth and mellow, coke they can sleep on, eat on, fuck on. Some people want to really be aware of feeling it rushing through their bodies, like speed.

Today I tasted some coke that I'm sure had speed. In fact, the person offering it was saying with pride that the percentage was 85 percent pure coke and 5 percent speed, and as a selling point noted that the 5 percent speed was pure crystal meth.

**High Times:** So what percentage do you think the average Joe or Jane on the street is getting of real cocaine when they put a hundred bucks down?

**Camille:** It depends if they are buying from someone who's buying from us or even two steps further. Let's say we sell a half ounce to someone who in turn will sell eighths or quarters to someone who will then sell grams, with each person stepping on it along the way. The person buying the gram at that point will probably be getting about 40 percent worth of coke based on us starting with 80 or 85 percent.

**High Times:** I personally think your estimate is high. From what I've seen, I'd say the average street gram seems to be about 25 percent, sad to say.

**Camille:** Maybe so. I think maybe we are unique among dealers in that when we do occasionally sell grams, we give the same percentage of rocks and shake in that gram as we do on a whole ounce. And we don't cut it that much, either. Maybe three grams tops on the ounce.

I know people who think we're crazy for our methods of dealing in general. At the level we're dealing now, if we sell a gram, the person buying it, according to experienced dealers, shouldn't have anything to say about it. Even a 50-50 ratio is more than most gram buyers expect. Yet we give a minimum of 65-35 (65 rock, 35

shake) on anything we sell. We take pride in being righteous dealers. We feel if everyone would only tighten up on their ethics in dealing with one another, cocaine dealing wouldn't have the bad reputation it has.

**High Times:** Do you look for a bite? Do you think a bite or sting to it gives you an idea of how good it is?

**Liz:** No, not really. Although sometimes someone will offer me something and say, "This is pure coke, look how it makes your eyes fall out," you know? When you get that sting that hurts and makes your eyes tear? It's a pain that shoots up your nasal passage and makes your eyes fall out!

I remember a Colombian offering me some and saying it was pure, pure coke when it stung like that. Yet our present product is really smooth, and we know it's really good coke and there are people who agree that it's pure because of how smooth it is—because it doesn't sting. So who knows?

**High Times:** Do you think that you ever really see pure coke not supplied by a pharmaceutical house?

**Camille:** No, I don't think so. I used to think so, but not anymore. Not since I read *Snow Blind*. I was shocked at what he says about the coke being worked on even in Colombia. In the labs there, they're already doing everything under the sun to it. They've become really devious. Maybe they always were, but it's like they're always aware of what people want in the States, like rocks, or shiny coke—whatever. They do all of that before it's exported to make it attractive to the buyer.

**High Times:** What kind of cut do they use down there?

**Camille:** Mannitol, probably. I don't really know. It has to be something very subtle because I can't taste it when we get it. Let's break a rock and snort that and see if it bites. [Sounds of snorting.] I think it's really the first blow of the day that really bites, and then as the day progresses and your nose becomes anesthetized, you feel it's really smooth. I don't know. We've tested this coke under a microscope with special filter lenses that show up the cut as beautiful color and the coke as a clear substance.

**High Times:** Do you find that most people are snorting just garbage?

**Liz:** Yeah, for sure. The average person buying a gram is probably getting something that's no more than 40 percent pure.

**High Times:** Do you think we're ever going to see a price resistance on the part of the buying public, either at the gram level or the ounce level?

**Liz:** No. It's a commodity wanted by a lot of people nowadays, and they go along with the price hikes as with anything else. Inflation has hit the drug market also.

**High Times:** What do you see a good gram going for in New York right now? A

*continued on page 38*

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## Interview

continued from page 37

gram of good toot.

Liz: I sell a gram for \$125.

High Times: Do you think that two years ago you would have sold that gram for \$100?

Liz: Yes, and four years ago that same gram would have gone for \$80.

High Times: Do you find that coke is in more plentiful supply now than it was four years ago?

Camille: Well, the demand for coke is higher, so there is more of a supply with more people going into the business.

Supply and demand—the American way.

High Times: Speaking of people who've gotten into the business, in some industries you get a stereotype salesman, like a member of the record industry would be a different type than a member of the insurance industry. How do you find your fellow dealers as a group? Are they nice people?

Liz: Yeah, they're nice. As far as I'm concerned. But I've always been intrigued by the underground. I'm talking about the people that I deal with. The people I deal to are from all walks of life.

High Times: How would you characterize the "typical" coke dealer?

Ladies: Let's see. Male, slick... .

[Laughter.]

High Times: Let's look at that. Do you find yourselves the only two female dealers around? And are your ethics different because you're women?

Liz: No, not really, although there are very few women dealers.

High Times: Do you think women dealers are more likely to deal with each other? Is there anything unusual in the way women deal?

Liz: No, not really. Remember, today at Rick's, he told us that we were different than the typical coke dealer he's dealt with. He said we were real easy to deal with. People get a little weird when they've been handling coke for long periods of time. After a while they get freaky because of doing a lot of coke. It's different than other drugs.

I remember a good friend warning me not to get into dealing coke, that it had a bad karma connected to it. There was always violence attached to it, all negative things. You know, like pot is a mellow drug to deal. Well, not drug... . It's a mellow herb, or a mellow illegal substance... . In fact, I never liked to get involved in dealing pot because it was so bulky—but we've been dealing some herb, too, lately. Maybe that accounts for our mellow vibes!

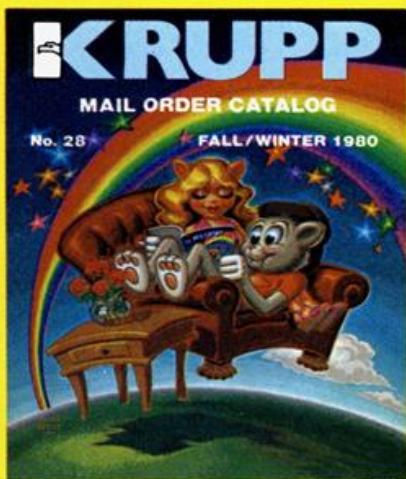
High Times: Do you find that your customers mention the vibes because they're used to dealing with men?

Camille: No, not because of men, because of coke in general and the vibes attached to it. The person today who made the nice

continued on page 71



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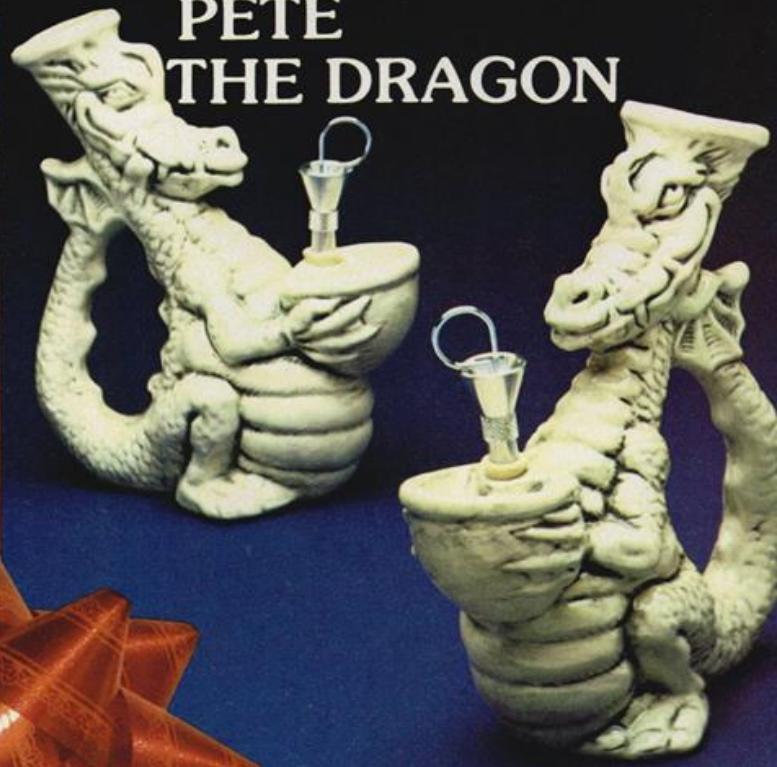
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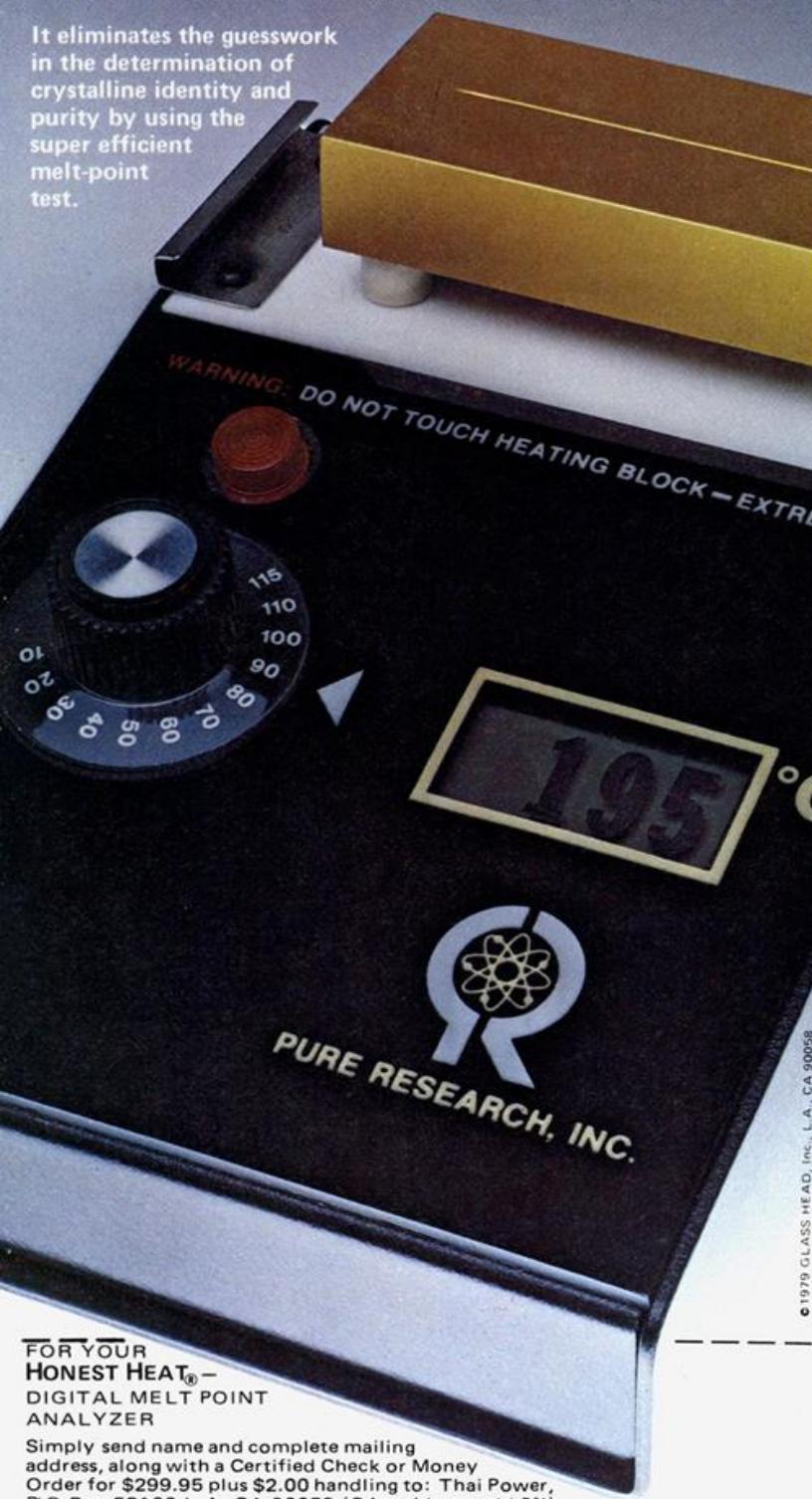
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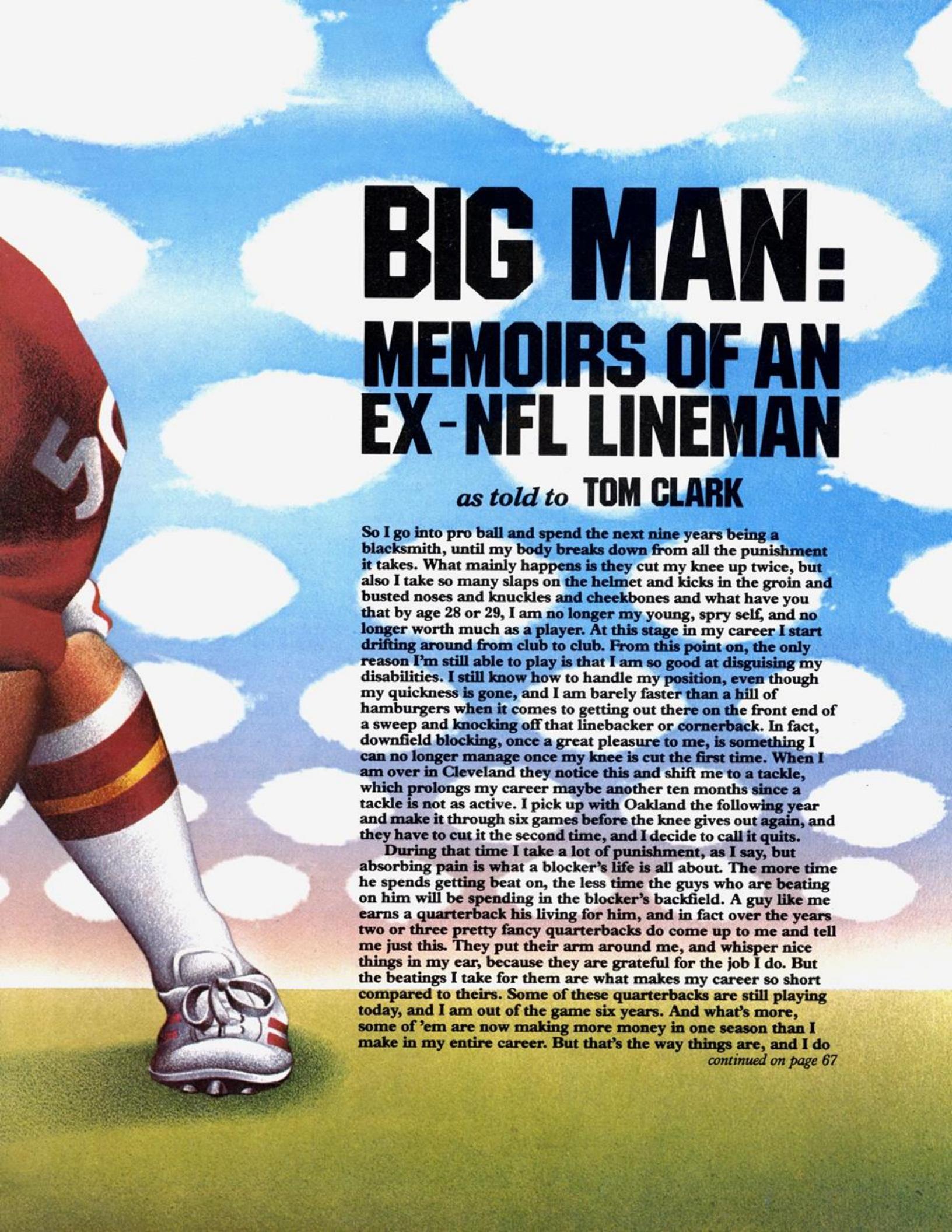
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# BIG MAN: MEMOIRS OF AN EX-NFL LINEMAN

*as told to* **TOM CLARK**

So I go into pro ball and spend the next nine years being a blacksmith, until my body breaks down from all the punishment it takes. What mainly happens is they cut my knee up twice, but also I take so many slaps on the helmet and kicks in the groin and busted noses and knuckles and cheekbones and what have you that by age 28 or 29, I am no longer my young, spry self, and no longer worth much as a player. At this stage in my career I start drifting around from club to club. From this point on, the only reason I'm still able to play is that I am so good at disguising my disabilities. I still know how to handle my position, even though my quickness is gone, and I am barely faster than a hill of hamburgers when it comes to getting out there on the front end of a sweep and knocking off that linebacker or cornerback. In fact, downfield blocking, once a great pleasure to me, is something I can no longer manage once my knee is cut the first time. When I am over in Cleveland they notice this and shift me to a tackle, which prolongs my career maybe another ten months since a tackle is not as active. I pick up with Oakland the following year and make it through six games before the knee gives out again, and they have to cut it the second time, and I decide to call it quits.

During that time I take a lot of punishment, as I say, but absorbing pain is what a blocker's life is all about. The more time he spends getting beat on, the less time the guys who are beating on him will be spending in the blocker's backfield. A guy like me earns a quarterback his living for him, and in fact over the years two or three pretty fancy quarterbacks do come up to me and tell me just this. They put their arm around me, and whisper nice things in my ear, because they are grateful for the job I do. But the beatings I take for them are what makes my career so short compared to theirs. Some of these quarterbacks are still playing today, and I am out of the game six years. And what's more, some of 'em are now making more money in one season than I make in my entire career. But that's the way things are, and I do

*continued on page 67*

# Me And Big Joe

by  
**Michael Bloomfield**



ART BY R. CRUMB, 1980

**I**t was the early '60s at a Chicago nightclub called The Blind Pig that I first met Joe Lee Williams. He was a short and stout and heavy-chested man, and he was old even then. He wore cowboy boots and cowboy hat and pleated pants pulled way up high, almost to his armpits. Just visible above the pants was a clean white shirt, and a tiny blue bow tie decorated his bullish neck. He played a nine-string Silvertone guitar and to keep others from copying his style he'd put it up in a very strange tuning. I was familiar with all stringed instruments and eventually worked that guitar every way possible, but I never learned to play it and to this day don't know the tuning he used.

Big Joe, as he was often called, had been a well-known artist in the '30s and '40s and wrote one of the real standards in the blues field, "Baby Please Don't Go," a song later cut by, among others, Mose Allison and Muddy Waters. At the time I met Joe Lee I was trying to meet as many blues artists as were alive in America, because music was the field I most wanted to pursue and blues was the music I most

wanted to learn. So between sets that night I talked with Joe, or at least I tried to—he lacked teeth and had a thick pineywoods accent and at first I found him nearly indecipherable. I had to ask him to repeat himself over and over, but he didn't seem to mind and after a while I caught on somewhat to his speech. He told me Crawford, Mississippi, was his birthplace, and that since the early '30s he'd done nothing but hobo around the country with his guitar. Now, most bluesmen I'd met had two jobs—they'd play and sing nighttimes, but during the day they kept up a straight gig of one kind or another. But Joe never did that—he traveled and he played, and that was it.

Joe and I got along well that night, and as he packed his guitar away after his last set he invited me to visit him sometime. He was living in the basement of a record store on Chicago's Near North Side and I dropped in to see him often. The shop, which specialized in blues and jazz, was run by a very odd guy named Kaecher, and Joe, down in his basement, had a rather strange relationship with him. Physically Kaecher was a cross between

Steve Allen and Peter Sellers, with none of their good features and all of their worst; sexually he was ambiguous and politically he was bizarre. Along with the store he owned a record company, and though I was never sure he knew a good record from a bad one, he was straight with the musicians he recorded and had a real reverence for their art and skill. But Joe and he would have many fights, sometimes due to Kaecher's obtuse nature and at other times to Joe's drinking. Joe would get a few beers or a little hard liquor in him (Peppermint Schnapps and Gordon's Gin were his choices) and you wouldn't be dealing with a normal man—he couldn't talk coherently and nothing made sense to him. Behind larger amounts of alcohol he could get physically violent. But as nasty as he could get when he was drunk, that's how compassionate and big-hearted he could be when he was sober.

As I got to know Joe better we became more and more friendly and he began to assume a paternal sort of role in the lives of me and my wife, Susan. His manner around her was touching. He was a real Southern gentleman—very gallant and



Tampa Red



Kokomo Arnold



Jazz Gillum



Tommy McClenan

sweet. Soon he began to carry me to see old friends of his. I'd say, "Listen, Joe, d'you know where Tampa Red's living?" And Joe'd reply, "Sure I know where Tampa's at—I'll take you on by right now." And we'd go. Tampa Red was a singer whose career had begun in the '20s and who'd become very popular in the '30s and '40s. I knew his records well. He'd had a big hit called "Tight Like That," and had recorded with the man who is now the king of all gospel publishing, Thomas G. Dorsey. But Tampa, by the time I met him, was just a frail, wizened little man whose hands shook uncontrollably. He had an expensive old Gibson in a case beneath his bed, but all he could do was show it to us—his hands wouldn't let him play.

Another singer Joe took me to see was Kokomo Arnold, who had also recorded in the '30s and '40s. His big hit was "Kokomo Blues," a song about that bright city, that seven-light city, that sweet old Kokomo. He told me I was the first one to ask about his music since the early '50s, when some people from a jazz magazine in Belgium had come to see him with Charlie Musselwhite. Kokomo had to have much of his insides cut out, and he was just a shadow of the man I'd seen with Joe.

Joe also carried me to see Tommy McClenon, who recorded for RCA Victor in the '40s. We visited him in Cook County Hospital, where he was dying of TB. He was just a skeleton, but his eyes were like hot coals burning at you. And his music was like that, too—it had a savage, burning sound. He was a fierce man.

Then there was Jazz Gillum, who was just about the craziest man I'd ever met. Joe took me to see him on a very uncomfortable summer day, with both the temperature and humidity up in the 90s—the kind of day when doing nothing makes you sweat and dirt forms under your fingernails for no reason at all. We drove out to the West Side and stopped in front

"He was just a skeleton, but his eyes were like hot coals burning at you."



of a little house, just a shanty, really. When we entered the place I thought I'd gone to Hell—as hot as it was outside, it was insufferably worse within. All the windows were shut down tight, and standing beside a woodstove, clad in a huge brown overcoat, Gillum stoked a raging fire. He was sweating profusely and was extremely paranoid. He'd written the very successful "Key to the Highway" and had never gotten the publishing money for it, and he was afraid I'd come to steal his other tunes. And we didn't stay long enough to change his mind.

**E**ventually I sat in so many bars and met so many singers that the South and West sides of Chicago ceased to be new territory for me. Joe, from his travels, knew blues singers from all over the country and when he suggested that we make some field trips I was quick to agree. The first jaunt we took was to Milwaukee so I could sit in

with Sonny Boy Williamson. Now, this Sonny Boy thing can be confusing. The original Sonny Boy's name was John Lee Williamson. He was a big star for Bluebird Records and recorded many songs that Joe liked to sing, such as "Decoration Day Blues," "I Can Hear My Black Name Ringing," and "Katie Mae." The second Sonny Boy Williamson's name was Rice Miller. He was a much older man than the original Sonny Boy and had been recording even longer, but he didn't become famous until after the original Sonny Boy died—stabbed by a woman in his Chicago doorway.

It was this second Sonny Boy, Rice Miller, that we went to Milwaukee to see. We found him at a funky lounge in the black section of town. He was an old man—God only knows just how old he was. He had a baleful stare and a sour mouth, and he'd check you out with cold, squinty eyes that said you didn't matter. He sat at a table among the customers with his harmonicas and mike and old hotel towel, and to start off a song he'd spit blood into the towel and then blow a little harp. He wouldn't tell the band what song or key or anything, and they'd just stagger in behind him. He didn't care if they were there or not—he'd just tap his feet and play along by himself. I wasn't real crazy about approaching him to play, but I did, and he asked me if I knew "Help Me," which was his hit at that time. I said, "Yeah, I believe it's like 'Green Onions,'" and he said, "That's right, go ahead and play." So I sat in with him and the people seemed to like us.

Big Joe was at a table with some older, heavy-set black women, and he was getting drunk with them. After Sonny Boy's last set he came up to me and said, "Michael, there's some real fine leg sitting here." Now, besides being of advanced years, these women had a combined weight of several tons and didn't fit my idea of good leg at all. But as an inducement to stick around and maybe go home with one or two of

"He was sweating profusely and was extremely paranoid."



these women, Joe said, "These ladies have their womanhoods way up high on their bellies." Considering their weight, I could see how that might be true, but I told him, "Joe, I don't believe this is something I want to get into—I think we'd best head back to Chicago." Joe got pretty irascible at that, but didn't really wig out, and we made it on home okay.

"Drive me down by Gary," Joe said one day, "and I'll carry you to see Lightnin' Hopkins—him an' me is old, old friends." So Joe and I and Charlie Musselwhite and Roy Ruby, who for a time played bass with Barry Goldberg and Steve Miller, climbed into Roy's car and headed east to Indiana. Actually, we had to go out beyond Gary, into the countryside, where eventually we came to a barbecue pit, or roadhouse. This kind of place was also known as a barrelhouse or chockhouse, and seems to have pretty much disappeared from the North, and maybe the South, too. The roadhouse was run by an older black couple and consisted of a barbecue pit in front and a large bare room in back. This back room was heated only by body heat—when there were enough people in the room, the place got warm. And that night it was hot.

Joe had gotten himself a center seat and was buying drinks and ordering people around when the opening act, J.B. Lenoir and His Big Band, came on. J.B. was a short man in a zebra-striped coat that hung down low behind him. He had straight hair, but it wasn't up in a high process, it was slicked down flat against his head. He looked a little like a seal. The band he had backing him featured three horn players of such advanced stages of age and inebriation that they had to lean against one another to avoid collapse. J.B. played guitar and sang through a microphone on a rack around his neck. He had a high, almost feminine voice and was a fine singer. He danced through the crowd as he played and sang, and Joe sat nodding his approval—he liked J.B. quite a bit.

Then old Lightning came on, and he was as sly and slick and devilish as a man could be. He had a real high black conk on his head and wore black, wrap-around shades. He had only a drummer behind him, and when the blue lights hit that conk-man, that was all she wrote. Lightnin' ran his numbers and everything was cool.

When the set ended Joe went over to Lightning to say hello, but before he could get a word out Lightning said, "What are you doing down here? I'm the star of this show, you know." "I know you're the star," Joe replied, "and we don't mean no trouble. I carried these white boys down here tonight to see you, and I just wanted to pay my respects." So Lightning mellowed and bought Joe a drink, but that was a mistake, because Joe didn't need it. Sure enough, Joe got rummed out and quarreled with Lightning, and we were turned out of the place. When we got to the car, Charlie



**"Snoots, snoots," he shouted,  
"I promised you fine barbecue,  
an' snoots is what we got!"**

hustled into the back seat and pretended to fall asleep. I rode shotgun and feigned sleep, too. Roy was driving and Joe was between us, trying to direct Roy where to carry him. Joe was hard enough to understand sober, but drunk you had no chance at all—it was just syllabic noise.

**W**hat Joe had a penchant for doing when he was drunk was to look up distant relatives of his, sisters-in-law or whatever, and see if their husbands were working a nightshift so he could screw their women. So he had us driving through all the ghetto areas of Gary, Hammond and East Chicago, ranting and roaring at Roy, who was unable to understand a word of what he was saying—he might well have been speaking Tagalog. And Roy would look over and say, "Michael! I know you're not asleep—you've got to tell me how to get home!" And when I wouldn't respond he'd turn to Charlie and say, "Charlie, goddamit, wake up—you gotta show us how to get out of here!" But Charlie'd just lie low, too. Joe's eyes were tiny, squinchy red slits, and we weren't about to go up against that moaning, cursing, grousing, heaving indecipherable anger. If Joe wasn't ready to return to Chicago, that was it—we weren't going. And we didn't—not that night, anyway. But as dawn finally broke over the smokestacks and railyards and cracking towers of northern Indiana, Joe directed Roy home.

Around the Fourth of July, Joe took it into his head to visit some people of his down in St. Louis. The owner of the record store, Kaercher, thought it was a good idea. "Yeah, Joe," he said, "you go down there and be a talent scout. Take a tape recorder along and say you represent my company. Record some people, see what kind of deal we can make and bring back some tapes."

Joe needed a ride, as usual, and asked if I wanted to go along. Well, I'd begun to have doubts and trepidations about taking these field trips with Joe, because once outside Chicago my friends and I were pretty much at his mercy, and you could get into some strange situations with the guy. But St. Louis was new territory for me, and I knew there were supposed to be some famous old blues men living down there, so I said okay. I called up another pal of mine, George Mitchell, and asked him to join us. George was a college student, originally from Atlanta, and had once worked at the record store. He wore those Kingston Trio-type button-down shirts and had a real neat Ivy League haircut. He really dug blues, and while in his teens had gotten to know many artists in the South. He got along well with older black people, and especially well with Big Joe, so I thought he'd be an ideal guy to have along.

The drive to St. Louis was real nice. Wonderful, in fact. Joe talked to George and me about things from 30 years ago as though they'd happened that morning. He reminisced about Robert Johnson and Willie McTell and Blind Boy Fuller, he told how Sunnyland Slim had helped Muddy Waters get a record contract and explained how Big Bill had gotten rich. Being with Joe was being with a history of the blues—you could see him as a man and you could see him as a legend. He couldn't read a word of English and he couldn't write a word, but he had America memorized. He was a wise man in so many ways—from 40 years of hiking roads and riding rails he was wise to every highway and byway and roadbed in the country, and wise to every city and country and township they led to. Joe was part of a rare and vanished breed—he was a wanderer and a hobo and a blues singer, and he was an awesome man.

**I**t was nightfall when we got to St. Louis. It was a Fourth of July weekend and it was hot—*lord*, it was hot. I couldn't imagine what the days would be like. The first place we stopped was the home of Joe's sister, or sister-in-law, or step-sister, or something. When we walked in, there were little kids sleeping on every available surface, so we all sat down in the kitchen and Joe said to his relative, "Now you know I play the guitar, and this boy Michael do too, so we'll play some while we visit." He brought out his guitar and, with it, a bottle of schnapps. I took George aside and said, "Man, we better not let this guy start drinking. It's a long weekend, and if he starts now his brains'll fly right out the window—we'll have a lunatic on our hands the whole time!" But Joe was set on drinking, and when he said, "Michael, why don't you have a little taste?" I went ahead and put some down. I figured if Joe was going to get drunk and go crazy I was going to get drunk and be crazy right along with him. So I drank as much gin and schnapps and beer and wine as I could get in me that night, and I sat with Joe and played the blues. And man, I got sick. For the first time in my life I got king-hill, shit-faced,

tore-up drunk. I puked all over that house. I puked in the kitchen, I puked in the hall, I puked on the sofa and I puked on the wall. I was just rolling in puke—I was sick, sick, sick.

I woke up on a bed the next morning to find Joe standing over me. He had stayed up all night drinking and he was more than drunk—he was on a bender. His nostrils were flared and his eyes were red and runny. A barbecue fork was in his hand and on it was a pig nose, and hot grease from the nose was dripping on my chest. He opened his mouth and his schnapps breath hit me in a wave. "Snoots, snoots," he shouted, "I promised you fine barbecue, an' snoots is what we got!" My head was throbbing and my stomach still queasy, and when I looked up and saw this horribly fat and greasy pig nose an inch from my face, I lurched out of bed and threw up again. Joe began to curse me. "Man, you done puked all the damn night and into the mornin' an' now you pukin' up again! Can't you hold that stomach down?!" And I slunk out the house with George, who wasn't on top of the world himself, to try to find something to settle my stomach. Joe stood roaring at us as we left. "Where do you think you is, you think

"Now why don't you  
up an' leave an' let us  
right folks be?!"



you home in Chicago now? You ain't home in Chicago now, an' those niggers out there'll kill ya!" But my head and stomach were already killing me, so I took my chances on the street. And it was the funkiest street I'd ever seen. I thought I'd seen funk when I'd gone out to Jazz Gillum's in Chicago, with the sealed house and blazing fire—but this section of St. Louis we were in made Gillum's shanty look like a penthouse apartment on Lakeshore Drive. But we found a drugstore with no trouble and got some aspirin and bicarbonate and Coca-Cola, and they seemed to help a little, but they sure didn't help a lot.

When George and I got back to the house, Joe was on the porch with his relatives and their friends, strumming his guitar. And he was crazy. Every woman who came by he clawed at, and every man who passed he argued with. If there was a woman in the street he'd shout, "Say sweet mama—come on over sweet mama, an' set down your daddy's knee!" And she'd look around and see a 70-year-old, 300-pound man yelling at her, and she'd get a funny look on her face and keep on walking, maybe a little faster than before. Finally I said, "Joe, I thought we came down here to do some scouting and find us some singers. Let's do it!" But Joe just said, "Now don't you rush me—it's the Fourth of July and I want to spend some time with my people!"

But his people got put out by his rowdy behavior, and an older woman, a church woman, finally threw him away. "You can't act this way around here," she said, "Just where do you think you is? You nothing but a damn crazy animal what ought to be in a cage! Now why don't you up an' leave an' let us right folks be?!"

**W**e piled in the car and drove aimlessly about the city under that scorching July sun. A thermometer on a downtown bank building read 107°, but I believe the inside of the car was twice that, and the fumes from Joe's breath were so thick I thought George's cigarette might blow us up. My head was still pulsing and my stomach pitching again, and finally I said, "Joe, let's stop somewhere—the heat and this car are getting me." So Joe directed us across the Mississippi River to a nightclub in East St. Louis. It was still daytime, and no one was performing, but the bar was pouring and there were a few guys sitting at the tables playing cards. Joe drank beer and George and I watched these fellows play games with names like "Coon Cat," "Tonk" and "Pitty Pat." And balefully, malevolently, they watched us watch them. "Joe," I said, "I think these guys would like to see us die—maybe we should go someplace else, while we can." So we got in the car again, and I suggested to Joe that we find a tourist area called Gaslight Square, where I'd heard a fine player named Old Mr. Graham hung

out. But Joe started ranting again.

"Don't you be tellin' me where to go—who here carryin' who?"

"Well," I said, "it's my car and George has been doing the driving—"

"I don't care who been driving—this is my city an' I'm doin' the carryin', an' we gonna be with my people in my part of town!"

And he got madder and madder and reached into his pocket and brought out a little penknife with a blade no more than an inch long. I started to laugh—it looked like a toy. But he suddenly reached over and popped it right into the palm of my hand. I leaped out of the car, howling. "Now you did it, you fat old sonofabitch! You cut me—I'm bleeding! I'm going to the police and have your ass in jail!" But I don't believe Joe heard me—he'd passed out. He just lay there in a mess, sweating and snoring. "George," I said, "let's find the county hospital—I've gotta get fixed up."

**A**t the hospital they put some butterfly stitches in my palm and wrapped me up. I left the emergency room and walked across a steaming asphalt parking lot toward the car, and from 40 feet away I could smell drunken, sweaty, 70-year-old blues singer. I got in and Joe seemed to regain his senses, what ones he had left. I showed him my bandaged hand and he claimed not to remember a thing. He behaved as though nothing had happened. "Listen, you boys," he said, "now we goin' to find the best blues singer of them all—the finest that I ever knew, yes sir!"

He directed George to a place that didn't even have front steps—they'd all just rotted away. We walked around behind the building to try the rear stairs, and in the backyard was a monstrous collection of refuse—every kind of filth imaginable was back there. There were old moldering

mattresses, shredded and stained with springs sticking out, there were pieces of cars that had rusted and reddened from years of exposure, and I don't think the garbage from the tenants had ever been collected—I believe they'd been throwing it in the backyard ever since the apartment was built, and from the looks of the building that had been a long time ago.

We started up the rickety stairs to the second floor. George struggled with Kaercher's big tape recorder while I lugged Joe's ancient amplifier, which, to judge from its weight, must have been sheathed in lead. I was soaked with sweat, my head was pounding and my cut hand was throbbing, my stomach was sour and the stench of eons-old garbage tore at my nostrils, and as we approached that second-floor landing I didn't care, I really did not care at all, just how great a blues singer was up there waiting for us.

A middle-aged brown woman in a loose house dress and bare feet let us in the apartment, which was stifling. We dropped our gear in the kitchen and followed her to the front room, and the first thing I saw in there seated on a couch, was a 12- or 13-year-old girl who weighed at least 400 pounds. She was dressed in flour sacking, and you could tell by the shape of her head and the look of her face that she was an idiot. I don't mean a person with no sense, I mean a complete retard. She was mumbling and drooling, and her face was smeared with grease. On a table in front of her were some rib bones and a jar of mayonnaise that looked like zinc ointment left in the sun too long. She'd take a bone and dip it in the mayonnaise, then run it back and forth through a gap in her front teeth to get the meat off.

As sick as I felt, and as bad as my hand hurt, this was it. I mean, things had been funky before, but daddy, this was freak city.

"Joe," I said, "let's not stay here. I'm

not feeling well at all—I think we'd better go."

"Shut up!" he yelled, "I don't want to hear nothin' about it! I'm the talent scout here, I'm the boss, an' you people are workin' for me! Now get in there and set us up our machine."

So George brought the tape recorder in from the kitchen, and as he was threading a new tape through it a bedroom door opened, and in hobbled this legendary blues singer that Joe had been touting. He appeared to have been sleeping, or passed out, and he looked as though he'd been lying in there with all his weight on his face. Joe introduced him only as Jimmy. He was old and toothless and looked only slightly less demented than the girl in the flour-sacking. From under the couch he dragged out a scratched and stained violin with only two strings on it. "Now you really gonna hear somethin'," said Joe, pulling out a new bottle of schnapps. I asked for it. I had heard that more drink would sometimes cure a hangover, and besides, I thought if I could get enough down me I might go numb, and at that point, feeling numb seemed like just the place to be. I took a big swig of schnapps and gagged. Joe snatched the bottle away and commanded George to turn the recorder on.

**J**immy picked up his bow and began sawing off strange tonalities in no particular key and mumbling incomprehensible lyrics. My stomach started rolling again and I was sure I was going to be sick. I asked the woman of the house where the toilet was, and she led me to a door at the end of a hallway. I opened the door and found not a toilet, but a closet. There was nothing in the closet but a few sheets of newspaper and a hole—a hole about 18 inches in diameter, in the floor. I turned to

*continued on page 77*

**"Joe was still there in the road, fumbling with his suitcase and equipment."**



# Remember the Neediest!

Christmas: Tinsel, eggnog, mistletoe, righteous blow. 'Tis the season to be jolly. Wait, let's qualify that. 'Tis the season to be jolly if you're not suffering from glaucoma or multiple sclerosis, or undergoing chemotherapy, or struggling with any of the other crippling diseases for which marijuana is an illicit palliative.

## by Robert Randall

Bob Randall, marijuana reformer and president of the Alliance for Cannabis Therapeutics (ACT), asked five such afflicted Americans to step forward and tell their stories. They are stories of great courage. For while

battling terrible illness, these people have challenged the federal prohibition and sought to help their fellow man. These five stories speak for a much greater need. In the season of brotherhood, let us remember the neediest. ACT is now soliciting contributions at P.O. Box 23691 L'Enfant Plaza Station, Washington, D.C. 20024.

### "All cancer

*patients should have the right to use marijuana if it can help them withstand chemotherapy. It's awful what the government makes you go through just to get humane medical care."*

—Anne Guttentag,  
Pennsylvania

Anne, 48, collects and sells antique dolls. For several years she has been undergoing cancer treatments. Anne learned of marijuana's ability to reduce the nausea and vomiting caused by chemotherapy. Working through her doctor, Anne requested legal access to federal stocks of marijuana in early 1979. After months of bureaucratic wrangling, federal agencies offered a compromise: delta-9 THC oral capsules. The synthetic "pot pills" failed to provide her with relief.

In May 1980, Anne was one of three patients to testify before the House Subcommittee on Marijuana. Despite bureaucratic assurances, she had still not received access to marijuana. After the hearings, several members of Congress intervened on Anne's behalf. Nearly a year after her initial request, federal agencies sent her cannabis cigarettes.



### "Lots of M.S.

*patients are using marijuana, but the federal government is blocking scientific efforts to evaluate its potential use."*

—Samuel Diana,  
Washington

Sam, 31, has multiple sclerosis (M.S.), a debilitating nerve disease. He figured out for himself the relationship between smoking marijuana and controlling M.S. "When I smoked, things went well. When I didn't smoke, I'd have an attack. It didn't take long for me to realize something was going on."

Sam was using marijuana in January 1977, when the Spokane police walked into his house and placed him under arrest. Last Christmas, the Washington Court of Appeals overturned his possession conviction and ordered a retrial on the merits of Sam's "medical necessity" defense. *As we go to press, Sam is awaiting retrial.*



### "So far the

*bureaucrats in Washington have done a good job of blocking the state law. In the meantime, I'm damn glad people here are understanding and even go out of their way to lend me a helping hand. If I had to count on the feds for help, I'd be blind."*

—Vincenzo Mustachio,  
West Virginia

Vince, 57, has had glaucoma since 1965. Because of declining vision, Vince recently lost his job at a glass factory where he'd worked since 1948.

After the landmark *U.S. v. Randall* (1976) "medical necessity" decision, Vince and his doctors tried to secure marijuana from the federal government. After months of red tape, Vince chucked that effort. "We don't have a lot of streets here in West Virginia," Vince reports, "but we have a hell of a lot of friendly farmers."



### "It's really

*important marijuana research be expanded to include... all of the convulsive nerve disorders. Conventional medicine doesn't have much to offer us, and marijuana is providing thousands of people like me with relief. The prohibition doesn't stop us from getting marijuana."*

—Ray Koshman, Michigan

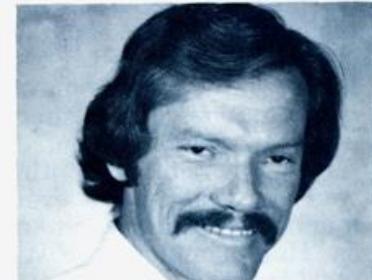
Ray, a 26-year-old veteran, is often confined to a wheelchair by a rare, degenerative disease called Ramsey-Hunt syndrome. Since he began using marijuana, he's been able to control the convulsive spasticity associated with his disease and eliminate many of the highly addictive conventional drugs he had been taking. Although Michigan recognized marijuana's medical value in 1979, Ray and his doctors at the University of Michigan have been unable to obtain legal access because of bureaucratic delays.

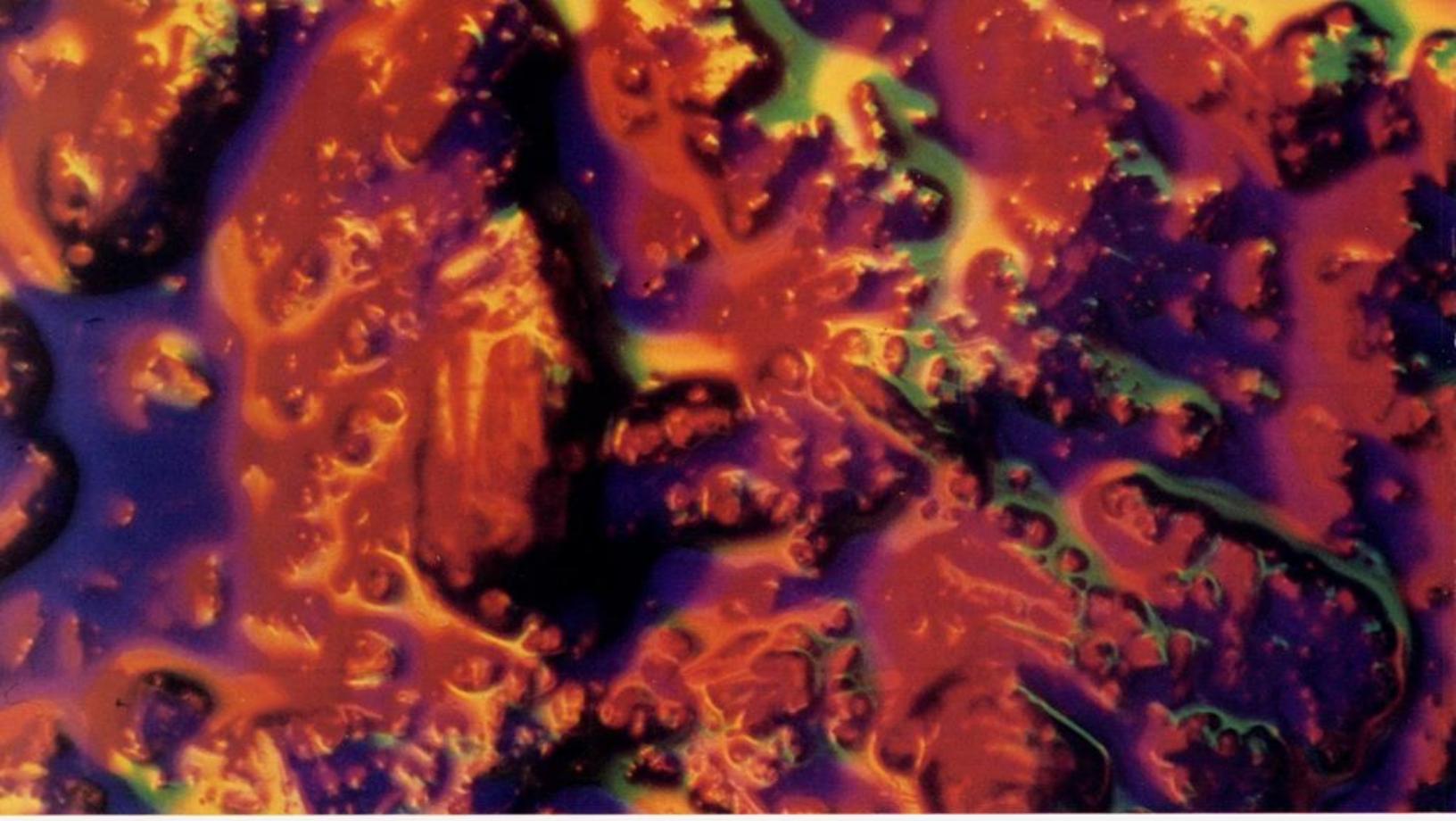


*"I thought I'd licked epilepsy until I hit a 'dry spell' which lasted several months. Only then did I realize marijuana was actually controlling my disease. I hadn't gotten better, I'd just found a better drug."*

—Richard Bledsoe,  
Virginia

Richard was diagnosed as epileptic at age 14. Despite powerful drugs, he experienced nighttime seizures about once every six months. Using marijuana, Richard has been able to control his disease and lead a normal life, teaching at a junior high school in southern Virginia. But he was recently busted for marijuana possession. Suspended from his teaching post, Richard is holding down two jobs to support his family. When asked if marijuana produced any negative side effects, Richard replied, "The police." *As we go to press, Richard awaits trial.*



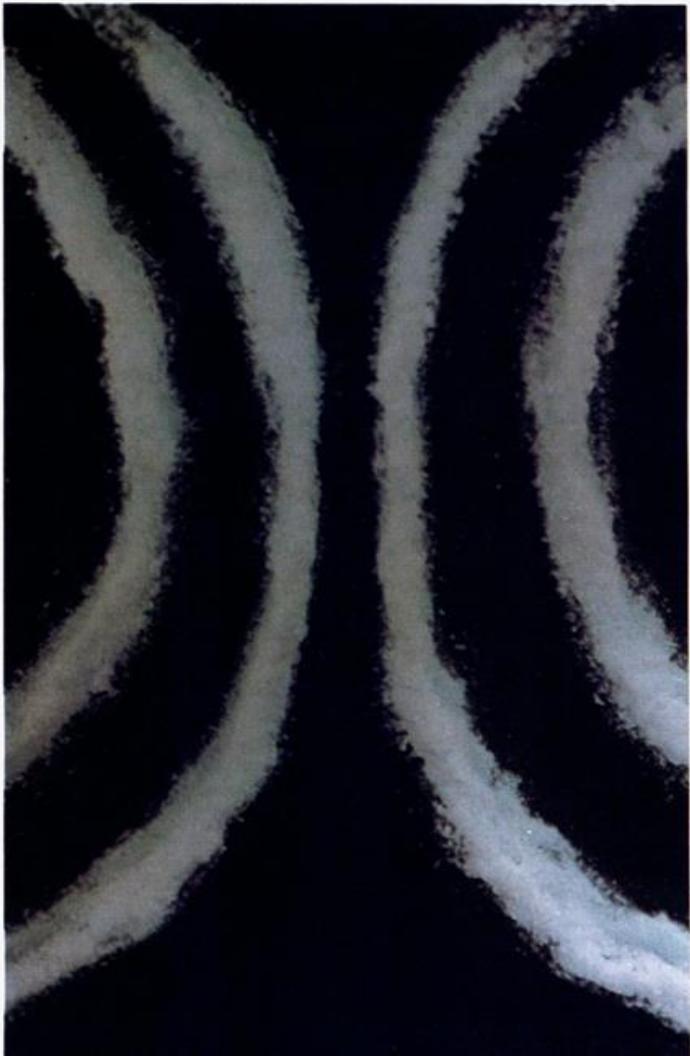


# Candy Comes of Age

*we comb the andes  
for this  
month's date*

It wasn't hard to coax our December centerfold nose-mate into revealing her all for our photographers, but it was complicated. We found ourselves compelled to whisk her, disguised as a mere shakerful of salt, onto the grounds of a topflight private college campus, right under the eager noses of hundreds of undergrads who might very well have rioted en masse just to get a whiff of Candy. But thanks to the assistance of a kindly and distinguished older lab technician—who courageously maintained a front of avuncular savoir faire throughout the episode—we gently arranged her under the latest-model electron-microphotography apparatus, bathed her in luminescent infrared glow and snapped furiously away. The unprecedented view afforded of Candy's tender, most utterly intimate alkaloid underpinnings was so revealing that even the most sophisticated bystanders were reduced to involuntary ejaculations such as "Hubba hubba" and "Woof." Turn the page and tell us what you think.

*Avidly sought after by movie producers, captains of industry, slick-magazine publishers and two-fisted, hairy-chested narcs, Miss December is Number One on everybody's schedule.*



## NOSEMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: *Erythroxylum "Candy" Noorgranatense*

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 62 kilos STREET VALUE: \$15,830,400

BIRTH DATE: Every Spring BIRTHPLACE: Lima, Peru

TURN-ONS: Looking at myself in the mirror, mucous membranes, Divi-Dine Inhalers, Vin Mariani

TURN-OFFS: Mammol, Borax, perforated septums, big green boogers, dope dogs, and plainclothesmen

FAVORITE MOVIES: White Christmas, Seven Percent

Solution, all Jimmy Durante Movies, any snuff flicks

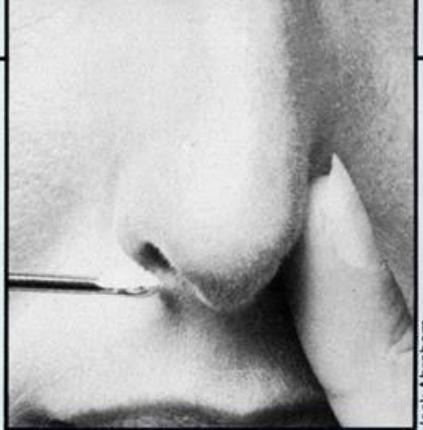
FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Johnny Carson, The Late Show, The Late, Late Show, the National Anthem, Sunrise Semester....

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Linda Blair, Mackenzie Phillips, Louise Lasser, Tommy Rettig, Richard Pryor

FAVORITE ATHLETES: Ferguson Jenkins, Don Murdoch, Leon Spinks, 75% of the N.B.A.

SECRET DREAMS: Ants crawling under the flesh, monsters coming out of the shadows, assassins everywhere...

IDEAL EVENING: In the bathroom of Xanadu with a Colombian national



Jack Abraham



Just a typical mountain girl



On the block with other hopefuls



Michael Sondow

Coming of Age

Jack Abraham







FOOD  
GAS  
LODGING  
DOPE

next exit

MCCARTHY

## Part One

# Christmas in Hollywood

by Johnny Bob,  
A Nootka  
Indian

**WARNING:** The following is purely a figment of the sick imagination of a Nootka madman in the throes of terminal delirium tremens. Read it at your own risk...

It was the day before Christmas, the holy day of Christians everywhere, and widely celebrated in America. Johnny Bob, Indian author, had come to the attention of Hollywood. Johnny is the first to admit that as an author he is *unfamous*. Nevertheless he was still important to Hollywood because it meant that the man who had found him, Sheldon, had a real eye for talent.

Sheldon was an agent. Not a secret agent or anything, just a Hollywood agent. He had met Johnny at the airport in a big limousine and they sat together in the back of the outsize car. Outside, the lights of the city slid by in a blur. The city lights through the tinted window glass looked like something a stumbling man might see through a kaleidoscope as he fell.

Johnny stared at the shiny varnished heads of the brass screws on the stained wooden handle. The handle was set in the middle of a polished walnut panel in the middle of the limousine's back seat.

"What would happen if I pulled that handle? Would the seat shoot out through the roof? Something like that? Or is that by chance a bar?"

"A bar?" Sheldon paused. "I don't know. I suppose it's a bar." He gave Johnny a serious look. "Look, I'm taking you to a party at Jack's house. He's a star, remember. So even if it is a bar you probably shouldn't drink it. There are a lot of people there I want you to meet. Do you want them to think you've been to a bar?"

"Maybe you're right," allowed Johnny,

"maybe I should wait till I'm older or have marital problems..."

The Nootka Indian savagely jerked the contraption open. A rack of odd gear swarmed into view like a 3-D diorama in a popout card: mixed cocktails, a shallow pan of ice, and the end of several implements of curious design, obviously intended for use. Johnny jumped back startled.

"What the shit is this?" the Indian inquired. Sheldon studied the rack of miniature bottles.

"Well, that's a brown cow...there's a daiquiri...a mai tai...a Singapore sling...oh my god, there's a Margarita. My one weakness. What will they think of next?"

"Scotch?" said Johnny. "Never mind."

The Indian grabbed a bitsy bottle with a brownish color and a name you could swallow. It tasted as if it had condensed inside a raincoat. Johnny Bob accepted his concoction. Though it was the night before Christmas he decided to go with the flow. Jack was a movie star. A big Hollywood movie star. And Johnny was being taken to his place. Like the agent said, "If you'd been invited I wouldn't have been able to bring you. You'd be a star. Do you know what I mean?"

The limousine pulled to a stop in a driveway jammed with similar vehicles.

"We'll get out here," said Sheldon.

"It's only a few minutes from here by sidewalk..." added Johnny.

The limo driver was instructed to wait. He evinced bitterness and displayed his disenchantment by burning rubber reversing out of the driveway.

"Punks," said Sheldon, "punks with no respect even for radial tires. Where are values today? Ask yourself that?"

Johnny shrugged. Looking toward the house

he saw a scene at the front door. A young man with hair carefully combed to hide a receding hairline was shouting at the man who had opened the door.

"Do you know how long I've been here?" the man screamed. He threw an arm behind him gesturing at the jam of limousines in the driveway.

"It's taken me over an hour to get from the road to the door! I'm a director of horror movies. They've been successful! Surely you can explain what has happened!"

The man who had opened the door shrugged.

"I guess you're a fucking idiot..."

The irate guest leapt toward him and gestured as if to slap him on the face. Then quickly he turned.

"I don't take that from anyone," he screamed. "Driver. Driver! We're leaving." Yanking open the door to his waiting car, he looked back over his shoulder. "I directed *1942* and *Scabs*, buddy, and if I'm an idiot, who isn't?"

The man slammed the door of the limousine. From within he could be heard shouting to the driver. "Burn rubber! Really screech the tires! I'm leaving and I want them to know it by the pool!"

"Scumbag with a reservoir tip..." Johnny mumbled.

"Not so," said Sheldon. "Director. Brilliant director. He's young..."

The man with whom the "director" had quarreled lingered by the door.

"I'm a black belt," he said to Sheldon, "who are you?"

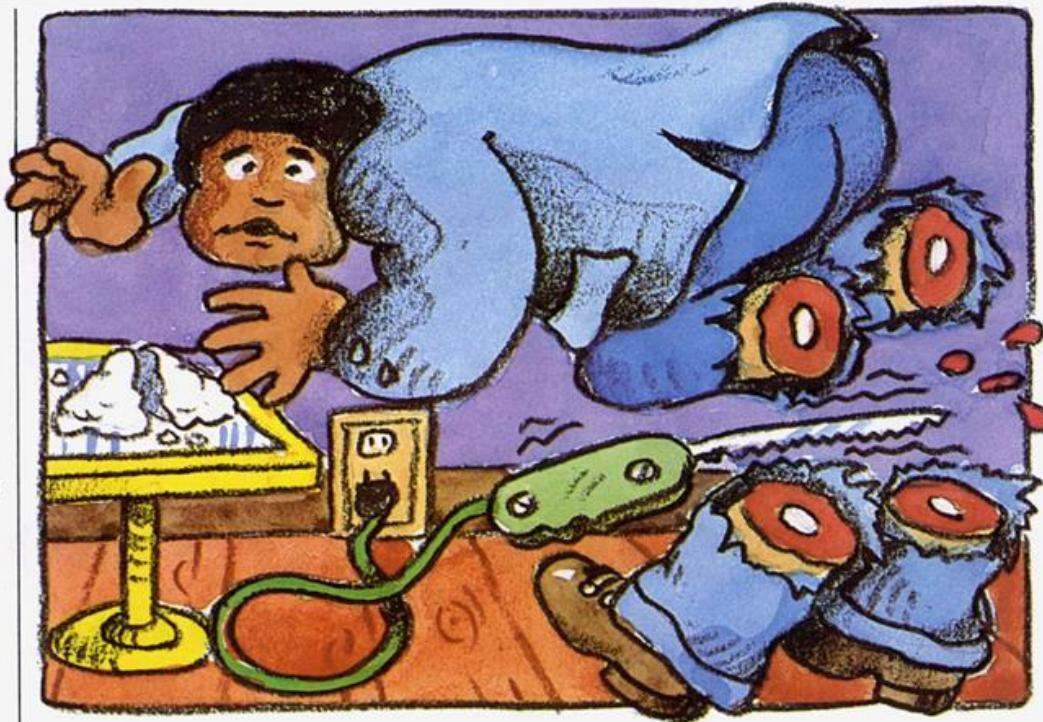
"I'm his agent. The invitation's in the car. Everybody knows me...who are you?"

"I'm a black belt," said the guy at the door. He winked at Johnny. He stared hard at Sheldon.

"Have you ever heard a guy claim he was a green belt? Or a blue belt? Or a white belt? An organdy belt?"

"No..." said Sheldon.

"Did you ever wonder why?"



**"I work for Ryan O'Neal. You'll see me later. I talk dirty in front of his girl and then he kicks the shit out of me."**

"No..."

"Because I killed them. That's how I got my black belt!"

"Rick!" Sheldon shouted at someone within and pushed his way through. Johnny followed. The man by the door grabbed Johnny's arm.

"You'll see me later tonight. I'll be in a karate suit. Different, right? Look, I didn't mean to give you a hard time. Orders are orders. I've got to tell everyone I'm a black belt..."

"Why?" asked Johnny.

"The usual. I work for Ryan." Noticing Johnny's look of incomprehension, he continued. "Oh, you're new here? I work for Ryan O'Neal. The actor. You'll see me later. I talk dirty in front of his girl and then he kicks the shit out of me. You know. As an example. I have to tell everyone I'm a black belt so he doesn't get a bad rep. You know? For kicking the shit out of wimps. A couple of hours. Then you'll see..." Johnny stared unbelieving.

"Just wait. You'll see. I'll start it. But he'll finish it. Then he splits without me. Can I have a ride home with you guys, if you know what I mean? It takes hours to get a cab out here. I shouldn't be telling you all this. Hell, you're an Indian anyway, aren't you?"

Johnny nodded and passed through. The phone rang. It seemed to be ringing forever. Finally Johnny saw a bald mustachioed man of medium height pick up the handset in an irritated manner. He cupped his hand over an ear and harkened. The irritation slipped from his face like

mercury off a mirror. Too quickly a look of concern replaced it. He began to wave his free hand for silence. Gradually conversation came to a halt. The room was silent but for the stereo. It blared. He waved his hands again at the stereo. Someone shut it off. The room was utterly silent.

"Oh my god... You're kidding... If this is some kind of sick joke we'll wreck you in the business, Morton... It isn't, it's really true? How bad is it? No! Is there anything we can do? Anything at all? Send telegrams, witty telegrams, whatever? Well, what are his chances? The doctors are refusing to talk? What about Jimmy the Greek?" The man's face went as pale as steamrolled Wonder bread. "Fifty-fifty... that's bad. Sure, I'll call you back. If I hear anything. On the movie? Warners says wait. We should hear by Monday. On the pilot—who knows? That studio is crazy..." Someone moved toward the stereo. "Listen, I got to go. There are people here. Sure I'll tell them you love them... yeah... goodbye, Mort. You too."

The room stood in silent anticipation. They looked, thought Johnny, as pointless as light bulbs, lined up and waiting for the current to hit. It did.

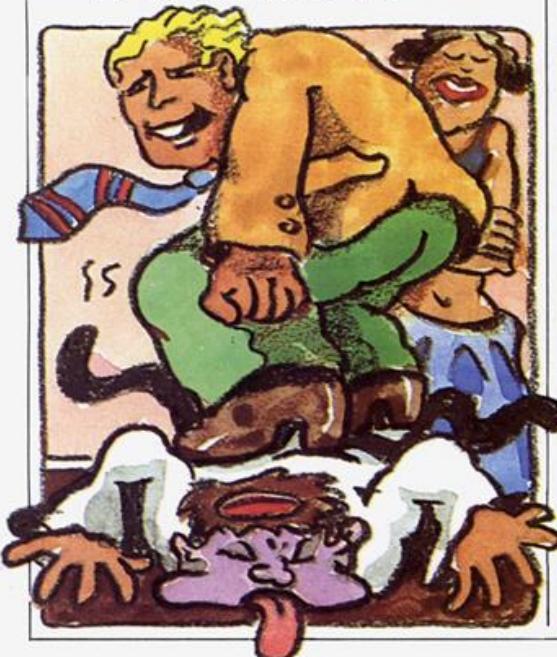
"It's Herve. He's had an accident..."

A startled mumble rolled like thunder around the room.

"Who's Herve?" asked someone. Amidst a chorus of *shh's* the response could barely be heard.

"The dwarf. On 'Fantasy Island'..."

A more cognizant mumble ran about



the room.

"Why did it have to happen to someone so cute?"

"Was his accent hurt?"

"I'm truly sorry it happened, but I have to say that honestly he was a terrible actor. All he had going for him was his lack of size. That's what I feel and I've said it..."

The man who had taken the phone call waved his hands for silence.

"It seems an electric carving knife malfunctioned. God knows those things should have been banned a long time ago. The police say Herve was using it to cut cocaine with, his lawyer says he was attempting to trim the family miniature toy poodle when the beast went berserk and kicked the knife into his lap. Wait! Quiet please! We don't know what really happened. It doesn't matter. Herve has lost his legs. Completely severed. Unless by some miracle he has an identical twin willing to donate at least one leg, he will spend the rest of his life no further from the ground than a normal person's kneecap."

The crowd gasped.

"I think, circumstances being what they are, that we should send him a telegram..."

"Sure!"

"What shall we say?"

"Ask Bob to think something up, or Mike, or David...they could collaborate. They all worked on 'Laugh-In' together!"

"Great idea!"

A telegram was duly sent. It was written by some guys who used to work together on a very successful TV comedy show. It had the light touch. Yet it was sincere. So was the "Laugh-In" show they worked on.

Herve,  
Bummer about your legs being cut off. I guess you're the living answer to the question "How low can you go"? Seriously though, our hopes and thoughts are with you no matter how low you sink! Even though you never hung around much with our "Hollywood" crowd, we respected your dignity and can think of no finer example to people of a successful actor who is very, very small. It's no "tall tale" we're telling when we hope you'll be with us "shortly," though you might be a "dwarf" among men, you are a "giant" among actors. Even if your legs have been "cut" and left on the editing room floor of life, remember that there's a lot to be said for "short and sweet." We always will.

Jack and all your friends.

Johnny Bob immediately sent off his own telegram.

Fuck them all.

Your pal, Johnny Bob."

After the telegram had been dispatched, the Christmas Eve party at Jack's place resumed its course. Johnny

Bob was introduced to many actors. Johnny Bob, hick, Indian and so forth, could only remember them by the names they bore on television. The roles they played.

"Is Kojak," Johnny asked a man who acted on the well-known series, "really an asshole? Or is that a wig?"

The man who played Kojak's assistant blinked. Suddenly the front door was kicked down. There stood two members of the LAPD, flashlights at the ready, guns in reserve.

"Don't anybody move. You probably want to know, 'What's this all about, officer?' Well, it's police business. Cover me, Mike."

The cop's partner raised his flashlight and gestured at the room at large.

"Simple Simon says freeze..." he sneered unbecomingly.

"What's your name," said the first cop moving into the crowd. "What's your name...?"

"Ryan, O'Malley, Tulley, Clahanan..."

The cop at the door spoke, his flashlight still leveled, never taking his eyes off the crowd for a minute. "Nothing but a

bunch of Jews here, Pete. Let's fuck off and get a burger."

Officer Pete stopped in front of Johnny Bob.

"We're lookin' for people with Spanish accents. You wouldn't just happen to have a Spanish accent, would you?" The cop jabbed Johnny in the stomach with the business end of his flashlight.

"No, I'm an Indian. A Nootka Indian."

"Well, see you keep it that way." The cop rubbed his chin. "Just a warning this time, but if I see you again tonight I will pistol-whip you. And that's just a start."

He turned and headed toward the door, then paused.

"You!" He gestured with his flashlight at Sheldon, Johnny's agent. "You should know better than to get these people worked up. You got off easy this time, but we'll be around again and if we find anyone with a Spanish accent, you're accountable. Understand?" The cop slapped his flashlight hard into his hands and left.

The party gradually resumed.

"They're really down on Mexicans, particularly illegal ones," Sheldon

**"You're supposed to think they're hors d'oeuvres and be amazed at how real they look. Really they're Zippo lighters and mauled olives and AAA batteries."**



explained to Johnny. "A lot of people have been smuggling them into America so they can be free of oppression and tyranny and secret police."

"What's wrong with that?" asked Johnny Bob.

"Well, in order to get them in they have to be disguised as servants."

"So," said JB, "the cop wasn't looking for servants..."

"Well," said Sheldon, "you can't say they're servants—you have to pretend they're relatives or friends, otherwise the minimum wage applies, and other trouble."

Before Johnny could fathom his agent's meaning, a vicious fight broke out in a corner of the room. It was over almost as soon as it had begun. A man dressed in a karate uniform had made a rude remark to a young woman. Ryan O'Neal, the movie star, happened to overhear. He had just been passing by, Johnny was told, but he brooked no insult to the weaker sex. He beat the poor fellow to a stack of ground meat.

"The guy had a black belt," confided a woman standing near Johnny.

A waiter passed with a tray of idiotic-looking chunks of something.

Johnny stared at them. The things on the tray—they looked like Zippo lighters, mauled olives, AAA batteries.

"What are those?" asked the Indian.

The girl standing by said, "You're supposed to think they're hors d'oeuvres and be amazed at how they look. But Jack's a complete phony. Really they're Zippo lighters and mauled olives and AAA batteries. Not food at all."

"Oh." Johnny replaced the Zippo lighter on the tray. He glanced into the waiter's eyes. "Habla español?"

The waiter collapsed in a dead faint. A woman at the other end of the room screamed.

"It's Manson! He killed her!"

A crowd clustered around.

"What happened? Is he crushed? If he's not dead he'll be embarrassed... Who invited him?"

"A waiter," someone screamed. "A waiter is unconscious! Someone get me a drink before I pass out!"

Jack, the actor, forced his way through the crowd.

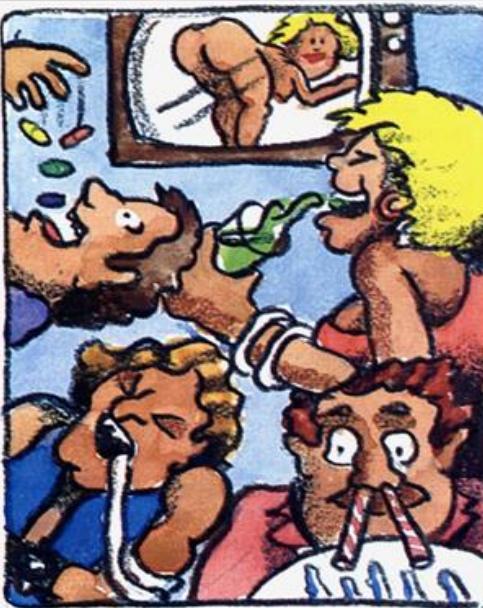
"Let me through—I'm a vet," he said jokingly. The crowd parted.

Suddenly the door burst open again.

"As you can see we're back!" The smaller, meaner of the two cops eyed those grouped about the fallen waiter. "Interesting... I'd like to see you explain this..."

His partner gave him a dismissive glance and moved into the room.

"Sorry to bother you again, folks, but we've had a report that Elliot Gould, the movie actor, known as the 'man of a couple of faces', was here. Normally that would be your problem. But we heard he was attempting to impersonate a Mexican. Somebody said he couldn't get arrested and I guess he just had to prove he could."



## "It's all theater, Johnny. The cops, the Elliot Gould, the whole shmeare. It's an act. It's satire. It's supposed to be funny."

The collapsed waiter regained his feet and bolted for the door.

The cop grabbed him. "Hold it, buddy. If I'm not mistaken... Elliot Gould!"

"Yahh wight, opisser..." The man mumbled, his head hanging.

"What's wrong with his voice? What's happening? Where's my drink?"

"Pretty obvious, isn't it?" said the cop. "He couldn't do a Spanish accent so he cut his tongue out. Thought he'd play dumb. Come on, Elliot, we'll take you home..."

"Ahh mean ah not aressing me?"

"Forget it."

At parties where movie stars are present Johnny Bob tends to drift to corners. Well, not so much drift as get shoved, really. After a while the cocaine came out. It was passed ostentatiously on one of Jack's old publicity photos. It was heaped to enormous heights on the photo, and when Johnny bent to try his nose one of the two men hired to pass it about said, "Don't be piggy, Injun."

Jack and a number of other actors clustered in the center of the room. As if they were unaware of anyone else present, they began to be themselves.

"I wish all these fucking agents and stuff would leave," said Cliff.

"Why do they keep hanging around? It's not as if they were friends or something," said John. But everyone in the actor group sneered because John's last movie had bombed.

"Everywhere I go I can feel their eyes on me. Like bloodsucking vampires from the grave," said Burt. "I keep getting the

feeling that they want to talk to me—do you know what I mean?"

"Christ," said one actor glancing scornfully about the room, "I feel like one of those guys that got blackballed during the '30s, if you know what I mean. Why don't they just fuck off?"

"Let's go, Sheldon," said Johnny.

"Wait, this is just getting interesting."

"Look, Sheldon," said Johnny, "I've seen some things in my time that would vaporize the minds of lesser men. But I do not understand this at all. Who the hell are those cops? What was that shit about Elliot Gould not being able to get arrested? What is all this? Furthermore, all these actors seem to hate us and I think we should split because honestly I think the reason they hate us is they somehow found out what I think of actors..."

"Wait a minute... I forgot... you don't understand... this is Hollywood. These are actors, right?"

Johnny nodded.

"It's all theater, Johnny. The cops, the Elliot Gould, the whole shmeare. It's an act. It's satire. It's supposed to be funny. Topical jokes, you know..."

Johnny blinked. "You mean all that stuff about the dwarf, that was a put-on? And the telegram they sent? Everything? All this stuff with the actors in the center of the room talking about how much they wish we would leave? All of it's a fancy gag?"

"It's just an act, Johnny, it's called being on. All these people are actors and even when they're not working they're always 'on.' Understand?"

"Amazing," said Johnny. "Do they think all this stuff up themselves..."

Sheldon shot Johnny a glance of impatient pity. "Of course not. What do you think writers are for. See those guys over there?" He pointed to a group of men and a large horsey-boned woman clotted intensely about a round table. "They're the writers. They make this whole party happen. All the scenes—everything. Most of the dialogue. Some of it is improvised, naturally. A good actor can improvise when he has to. Come on, I'll introduce you. Maybe they'll write you in. Maybe you have some ideas yourself..."

Johnny followed Sheldon, sputtering in disbelief. The writer invited Johnny to sit down.

"We've got a bit of a problem," said one.

"You see, Jack's supposed to take Jill, the blonde going with Randy, out for a walk by the pool. Randy is supposed to follow and discover them making love in the pump room and then drink too much, rage about women, and drive off furiously in his car."

Another broke in. "Everyone is supposed to get really worried about him and the party breaks up. A darker moment, we call it."

"Jack feels guilty and concerned," continued the large-boned woman. "He drives off to look for Randy. The few left at the house wait anxiously. Randy's girl

friend is crying and blaming herself. That's where we are stuck."

All the writers begin to talk at once.

"I say a freak hurricane tears Randy out of his car and drives him through a tree like a straw. The police think Jack did it but find out he's innocent when a deaf and dumb witness regains the power of speech."

"I think they should have a car chase. The winner gets the girl. They jump over bridges, go through red lights. The race ends in a tie. They decide to drive both cars into a solid rock face at the same time. The one who survives will get Jill. They begin their run straight at the wall! At the last moment Jack realizes Randy is really going to drive straight into the wall because he loves the girl; Jack swerves and knocks Randy's car aside. His car cushions Randy's impact with the wall and Randy is saved. Jack dies. Randy marries the girl, but their life is hollow."

"No! No! We want comedy," said the big-boned woman. "Jack goes out to look for Randy. He searches for days and eventually discovers that Randy has run off to join the American Legion. Randy says he would have joined the French Foreign Legion except that he was an American patriotic. Jack gets Randy to dress up as a Negro and pretend he's Jewish to get him out of the legion. Randy drinks Campari instead of beer, smokes pot, talks about Communism, and pretends to be bisexual. His whole legion post think he's adorable and they all become Commie bisexuals. Finally, at the Shriner's Day parade, the whole legion post is thrown out of the legion, and Jack breathes a sigh of relief!"

"What do you think?" They all looked at Johnny expectantly.

"I don't know," said Johnny. "It all sounds... weird. Of course, I only write stories. Stories about things that have happened to me. Not party scripts or whatever this is..."

"This isn't a party script," said the big-boned woman writer. She flung her huge forearms like a dismissive mantis. "This is a TV movie for Jack. It's supposed to be based on his life. We've got it partially worked out. We're just trying some of it out tonight. At the party. Acting parts of it to see how it meshes with reality. I think the dwarf bit is out. It came off too weird. But the Ryan O'Neal fight with the hired villain went home. For me."

"Absolutely."

"Absolutely."

"Absolutely."

"I don't know what gave you the idea we're writing this party." She drew her arms close to her chest and wagged her hands like an agitated kangaroo. "We're using this party as a forum. A proving ground, a sounding board. We find out what the ratings are before we even sit down to write."

"We can see if life will fit in with our ideas," said another writer.

"Comedy, tragedy, all the human emotions. Life is our stage..."

"It's here, it's free, we work with it..."

A smallish writer wearing a T-shirt on which was printed a bare, nearly hairless chest, looked up from the sheet upon which he had been intensely scribbling.

"I think I've got something! Let's try this out! If it works it works! If it doesn't we'll keep trying..."

He rushed over with the sheet of paper to where the actors were standing in the center of the room. He began to talk animatedly to Jack, gesturing wildly about the room as he set the scene for his skit. Dubious at first, Jack and the other actors gradually became more enthusiastic. They ended by bobbing their heads in excited comprehension and split up.

The actors involved stood in their various positions about the party, some

## It was a joyless gathering of immoral parasites, the spiritual equivalent of a pirate's gang-fuck in an Indonesian drunk tank.

practicing slight grimaces or shrugs they intended to employ in their performances. The party continued to swirl and mill about the bar, the table of hors d'oeuvres, the drugs, the men in a position to employ, and a sexy videotape screened on the TV. In short, they swarmed like an anthill run over by a dirt bike, clustering and grabbing at anything that could be carried away in the stomach or the bloodstream or the brain. They elbowed and shoved for gossip from the lips of those who had it, they slandered and backbit for preeminence in the eyes of baby moguls, fetal moguls, or even unfertilized zygote moguls who might one day run motion-picture studios.

If the people at the party were aware that the actors and writers were about to test another scene, Johnny could not see the evidence. Nasty, aging men who looked like their tans were dyed on with RIT coyly hunched and snuggled up to awestruck blondes trembling behind false fronts. Hideous old carnivores reeking of out-of-date after-shaves and pulling back their lips to smile the smile that rattled loose and false in their straining mouths. Running con, no longer artists, that skill gone as long ago as their natural teeth. The girls there willing to believe in the future forecast by these sock-breathed fools, willing to believe that the skeletal embraces they endured and joked about would lead to stardom and joy because of the very myths the withered producers put about in the vain and venal TV motion pictures they produced. Motion pictures purporting to condemn Hollywood as a

callous jungle burg, but showing corn silk-haired twits from the lush center of America the facts of life. A girl fucks an old producer. Rough but she gets a break that way and finally her talent is recognized and she never has to screw a single solitary soul again, so great is her ability. Of course, if she wants to she can have her pick. Children, too, if it comes to that. Face it, says the girl, that's the way it is. If you don't believe me, check out a TV movie.

The actors held their places. Occasionally they closed their eyes or their lips, and faces moved in silent rehearsal. The author of the scene returned to the table and began to speak quickly and softly to the large-boned woman. She nodded quickly or looked quizzical, turning her head sideways to ask an inaudible question.

The party continued. Young, earnest men, on the way up, left the women to the old producers. Young men carefully dressed to be individuals striving to make their every statement or silence or laugh as memorable as possible. They hoped to impress the studio heads with their originality. Constantly, therefore, they could be heard laughing where there was no humor or burst into tears at a moment inexplicable to anyone else. After such an outburst the young men would excuse themselves and burden anyone foolish enough not to feign an ungovernable desire to piss with a delicately turned anecdote of explanation.

Johnny knows this may be hard to understand. Here is an example of this behavior:

PRODUCER: So then Bob said to Billy, "Hell, if you don't want to play golf let's just take the dune buggies out and ram some cactus on the Injun reserve!"

YOUNG MAN: (*Burst into tears. Brushes off questions. Composes self.*) I'm sorry. I know it isn't fair to burden you. But something in what you just said was so insightful it struck me really deep. Sorry. Sorry. It won't happen again.

PRODUCER: (*Intrigued*) Something I said? What?

WRITER: Partly what you said. More the way you said it. You told a comic story in a tragic voice. I heard a record when I was a boy. An old man named Bojangles was talking. A great man who told funny stories in the same kind of voice. They were funny and courageous and true... and, well, I thought I heard that voice again just now... (*Manfully*) Shit, I guess I've had too much to drink..."

More often than not is all Johnny could say when asked to describe how often such scenes occurred at Jack's house that night.

Other young men took less emotional tacks. Some spoke solid horse sense, talking business like rock-nosed pragmatists.

"Art has its place. It also has its budget and its deadlines. Goddamn it, if it doesn't meet those it's not art—it's self-indulgence.

*continued on page 104*

# High Times Puts the Wraps on Christmas



Rasta than thou, and fasta too, when you order the latest island pressings from Sinbad, Dept. HT, P.O.Box 701, Athens, Ohio 45701.

## What to give your dealer, your lawyer, your lover

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**Flaming asshole.** \$11.95 ppd. Blue Dart Enterprise, Dept. HT, P.O. Box 1601, Portsmouth, N.H. 03801.

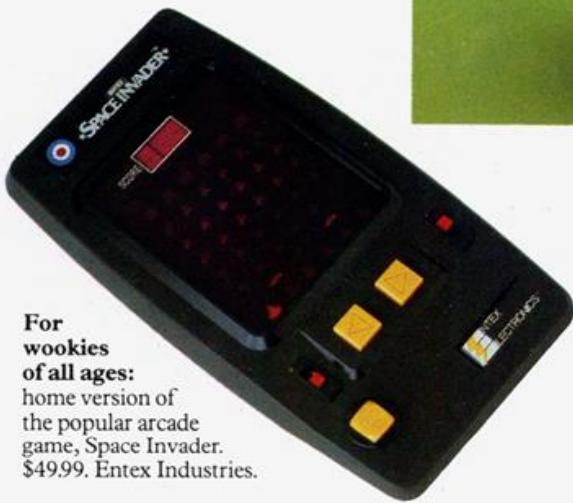
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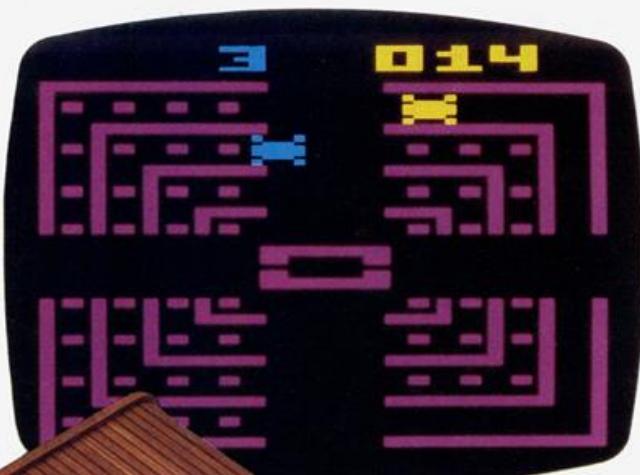
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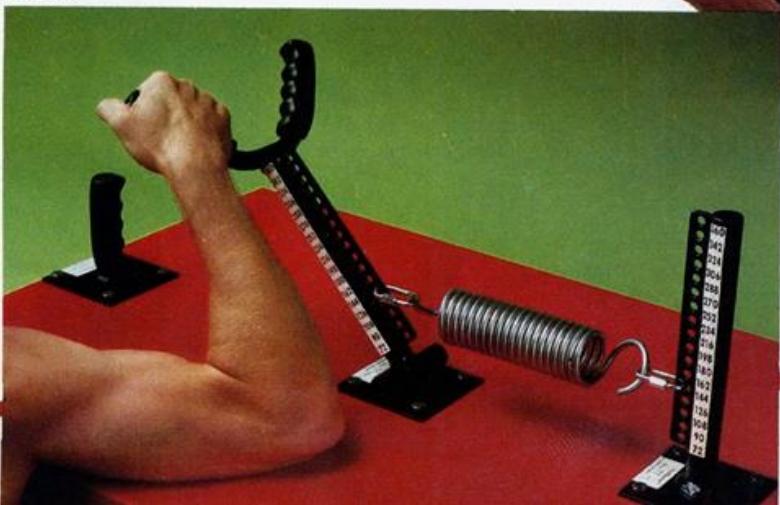


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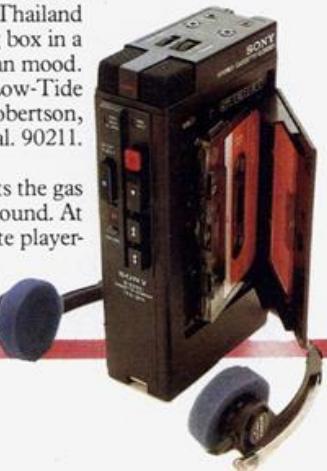
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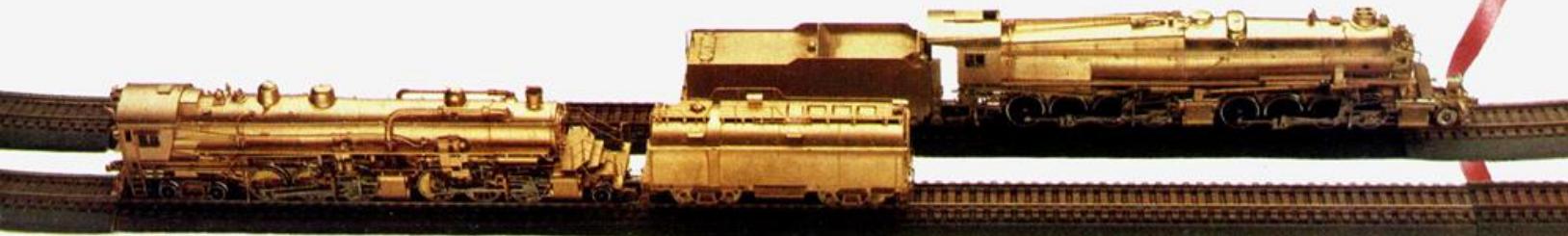
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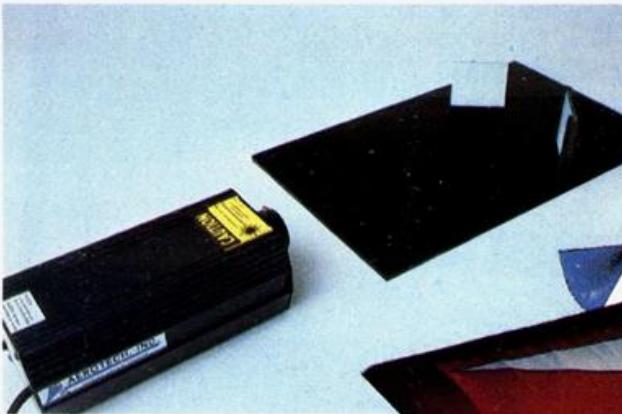


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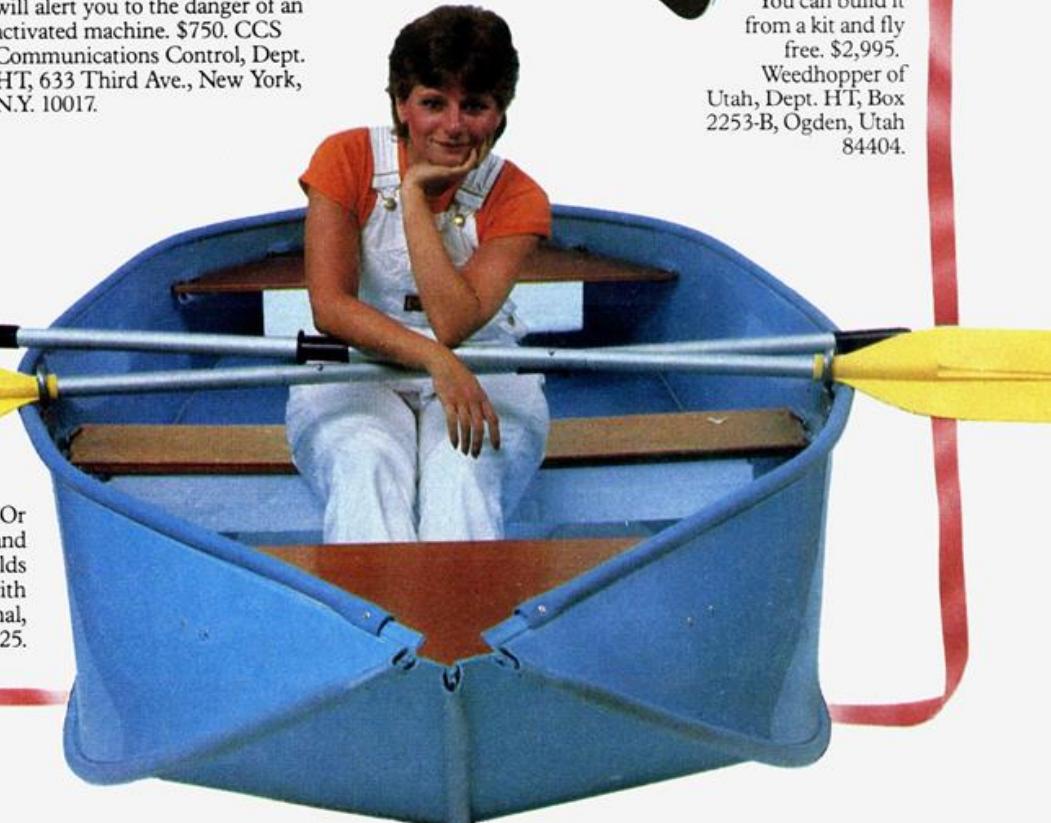


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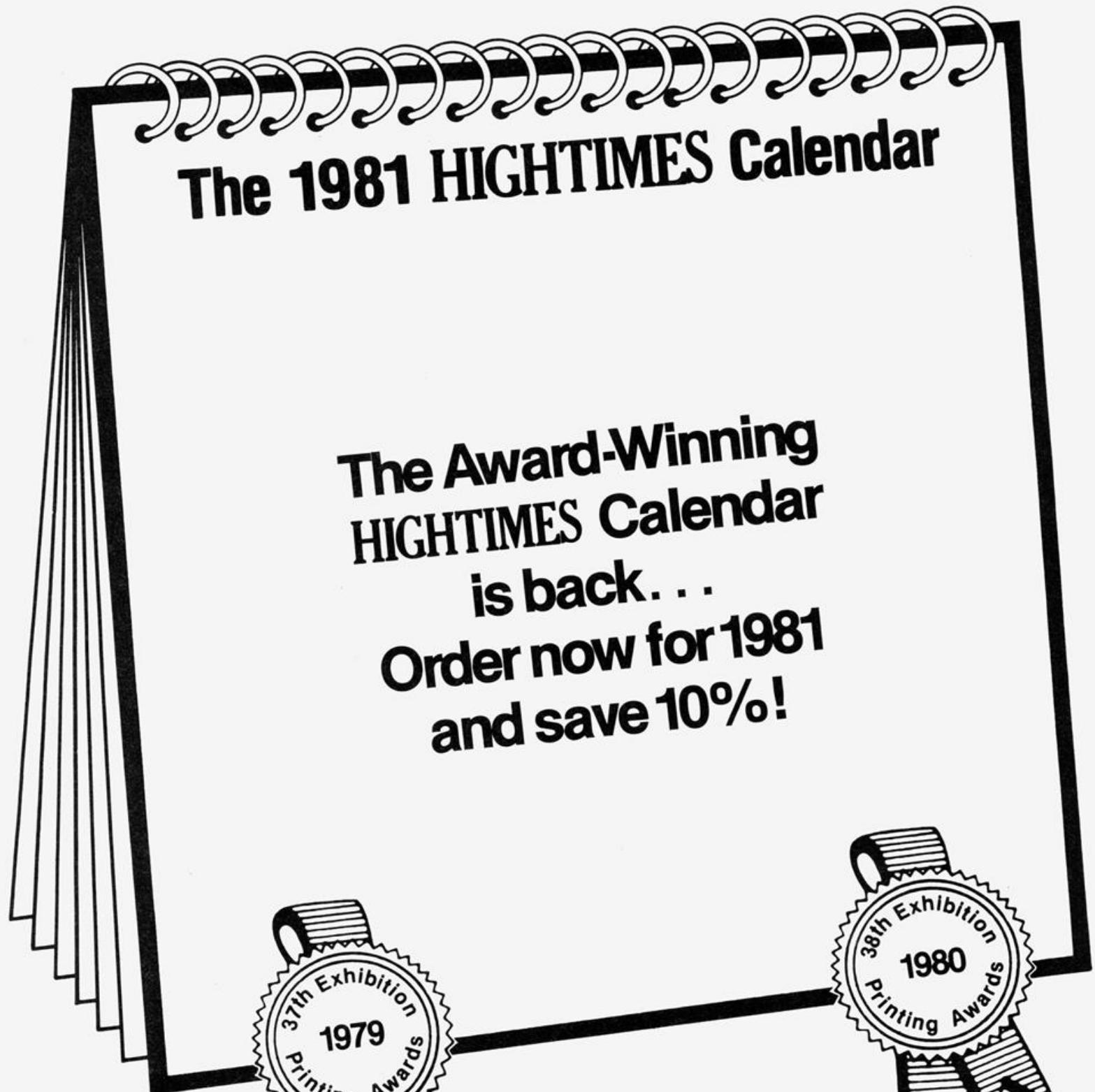
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## Big Man

*continued from page 45*

complain about it, for when I am still playing, I always know the other guys appreciate the job a blocker does, and respect it, and this is enough for me, at the time.

But like I say, you take a lot, if you play where I do, and it requires some getting used to. My rookie year, the first time I take a punch in the Adam's apple, I go after the guy who does it, and club him one, and get thrown out of the ballgame. After that I learn a punch in the Adam's apple is an intimidation thing they will use on you, and just let it go, and pretend you don't notice it. Same with when a guy kicks you, or steps on your hand, or bites you, though biting I never do learn to appreciate much. Still, it's one of the things they'll use on you, and you got to keep yourself from retaliating, except to keep on kicking their butts out of your backfield, with good clean square-up blocks. You keep yourself under control and ignore the pain, or don't feel it, since you are involved in the game, and it is not until Monday or Tuesday that you really get hit with the full woe of it. Then everything in your body hurts all at once, with usually one or two outstanding areas that take your attention off the rest. I always figure this is a relief in a way, since 2 or 3 sore spots are a lot easier to stand than 50 or 60.

Of course, you don't notice much of this when you're a rookie, or the first couple of years you are in the league. Later on, though, the injuries pile up, and the gimpy places start accumulating, and after a while they kind of overlap, to a point where you have bruises over bruises, and scars over scars, and when you limp on one side, an old limp on the other side, left over from earlier, cancels the new limp out. But even so, you go along somehow, and make it from one Sunday to the next, and from season to season, until in the end there comes a time when you wake up one morning, and feel like a dead man. You cannot get out of the bed unless you are pushed, and even then have a hard time making it to the bathroom, where you catch a look in the mirror at your red eyes, and the scar tissue on your nose from where your face mask bangs on it for seven or eight pro seasons, and you realize you're a veteran. After that time, you know you're on your way out, no matter how many more seasons they give you, which in my case is only one or two, but in others' is as many as half a dozen. Those are the guys who have it the worst, the ones who don't know when to quit. Guys talk about them behind their backs, and you know they know it, though they never let on. At the time I room with him in training camp over at Oakland, Tommy Miller is a guy like this, but there are worse cases than

Tommy's. In that same camp we even have a kicker who hangs on until he is 50, and the guy can't stand in line for lunch without hearing guys make cracks behind his back.

The turning point in my career is what happens to my knee in a game against the Rams one Monday night, when I am still with Baltimore, in my second year there. If you are a fan, maybe you are watching, for the game is on national television, and probably gets a big rating, since we are hot at the time, and so are the Rams. It is six or seven games into the season, and we are playing the best ball we ever play in my whole time there and figuring we have a good

### **Before every game they have to jam a six-inch needle in my knee to drain the fluid out of it.**

shot at winning our division, so naturally we are up for this game. And we wind up winning it, too, though I do not see much of the action, since I go down in the first quarter, and am in the hospital by halftime. It is the last game I play all season. A rookie steps in at my guard spot, and the club wins only one more game the rest of the year. They don't even make the playoffs, and I lose my shot at any kind of postseason money, making it a bum year all around. And the next year they trade me, which just goes to show how dumb a club can be. One year I get hurt, and they drop off, so when I come back, what do they do? They trade me to Cleveland. Baltimore wins only four games the next season. You tell me these front-office guys are earning their salaries? But I let bygones be bygones.

Anyway, here's how it all happened. It's about six minutes into the game, no score yet, but we are down around the Rams' 20, and moving real good, our line blocking is proceeding like clockwork, and there are no leaks in the balloon. The pocket is sewed up tight, meaning the fancy guy back there can stand around for three seconds, and pick his nose, and recite a little poetry, if he cares to, before he throws. So naturally he is hitting on one pass after another, and we are down there knocking on the door, and the idiots in the stands are going wild. So are the ones watching on television, for all we know, since from what we hear half the guys in America sit around and stare at TV on Monday nights, and bet on games with their buddies, because they don't have nothing better to do. This is a fact I have a hard time believing, though it seems to be true. I am not much of a TV

man myself. Anyway, right in the middle of our drive they call this TV timeout, which is a timeout called by the television producer back in the studio, who relays word to the officials, who blow their whistles and stop our scoring drive so people in Iowa can watch a car commercial. It burns me up, naturally, and we sit around and grumble, and make nasty cracks about television, during the timeout. Then when it's over, we line up again, and try a running play, over to my side. It's first down, and we figure this will cross 'em up, since we throw first down passes twice already in this series.

The guy playing opposite me at the time is this big Weatherby, a tackle from Colorado. Billy Ray Weatherby. I play against him a number of times already, going as far back as college, so I know he is as smart as he is big, and I am not surprised when on this particular play he is not fooled, or crossed up, at all, but instead seems to smell a running play all along, and even to have a hint it is coming right at him. When we line up he peeks at me and gives me a wink, and says I Know A Secret. I say nothing back, since I am no talker when I play, and here comes my snap, and right away things start developing so fast I have no time to stop and think about them, which is the way it always is when the play starts. A light goes off in your mind, kind of, and it's like you're moving around in the dark, except that you can see clearly, but all you can see is a lot of bodies moving, and no air or color or light, and you are in the middle of it, doing something you have done a thousand times before. Only this time, something new happens.

My job on this particular play is to drive off my left leg and turn the tackle out, so I already have my leg planted when Weatherby comes across the line and makes his move. The last two plays he comes at me straight on, but this time he ducks down low and tries to dive past me, so he can fill up that hole with his body, the hole where the guy with the ball is supposed to come through. This dive of his is a move I don't expect. It kind of freezes me, and so as he tries to dive past me, on my inside, his shoulder goes right into my knee, the left one that is planted. The impact blows my kneecap straight back, maybe a foot or so.

Right while it happens, for a second I feel like I am floating, and in that second I feel the muscles tear, and the blood vessels popping open, and the whole knee just coming apart from the inside. In my mind, I'm telling myself, Move that foot, get it going. But it's like I've got a thousand pounds of weight sitting on my shoe, and the foot won't move. It's one long second, and I kind of drift around in my mind while it's going by, and then I come down, and my head snaps back to life. I take a look around and see the play pile up in our backfield and

*continued on page 100*

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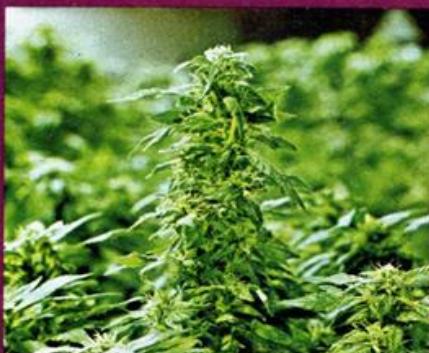
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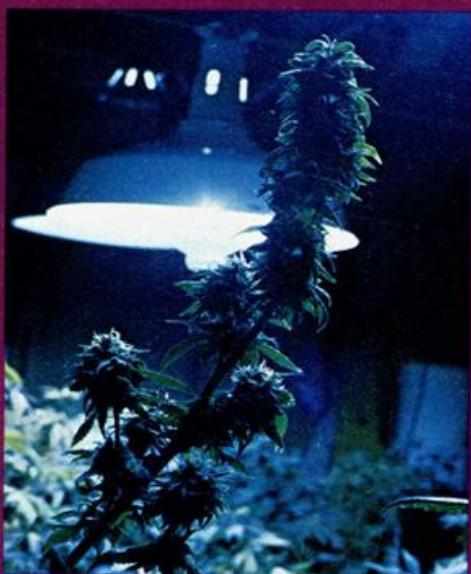
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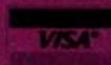
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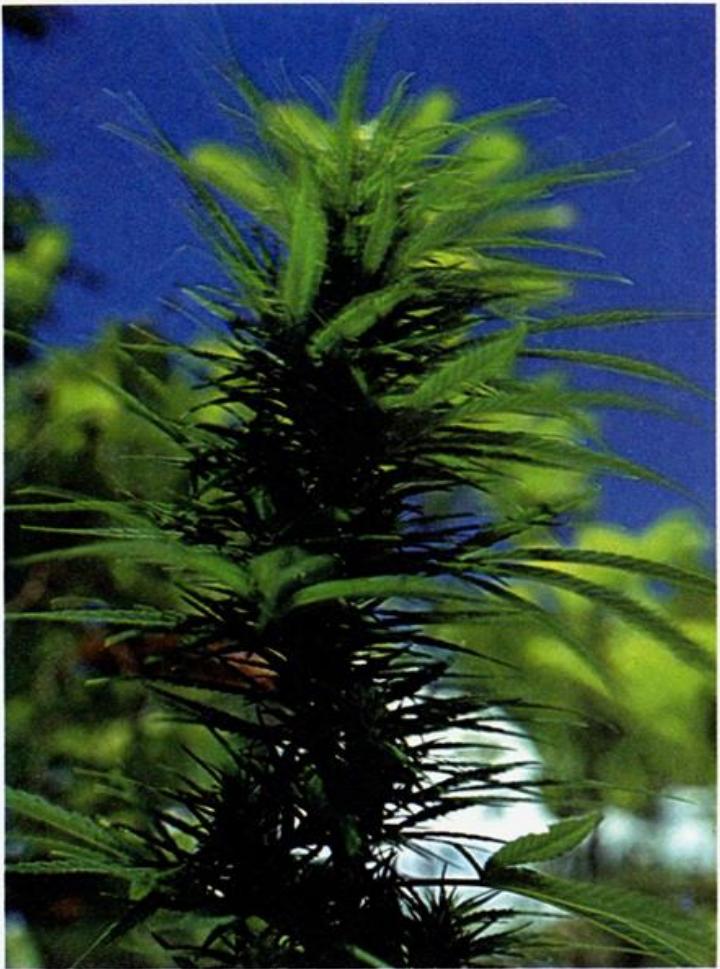


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Photos by Jeff Boz





## Interview

continued from page 38

remarks had been dealing with a woman before, and he felt the coke had changed her.

**High Times:** How about women? Do you find that women deal with each other?

**Liz:** I love dealing with women. I think women love dealing with women. Actually, most men would once they get over themselves. Women are more patient, I find.

**High Times:** More patient in dealing or in general?

**Liz:** In general, I guess. [Laughter.]

**High Times:** Do you find yourself dealing with a lot of women in particular?

**Liz:** Well, I find myself dealing with more women, but I wish there were more women to deal with. There aren't too many women dealers.

**High Times:** Why is that? Is it because it's traditionally a male role?

**Liz:** Yes, plus not too many women are scoundrels! Traditionally, throughout history, you don't find women pirates, or bank robbers.

**Camille:** Coke in general has a stigma attached to it. It's a powdered money. When a coke person is in a room and the blow is flowing from that source, it's like having eight ounces of gold hanging from your neck. It has a certain status attached to it.

**Liz:** It's not like that so much anymore, is it?

**Camille:** Sure. When was the last time you were in a room and someone other than yourself put some coke out on the table? Other than someone who deals?

**Liz:** Well, sure, someone who deals. But there are a lot more people who are into coke than ever before, and they tend to find each other; so just as a joint is passed around, I think coke is being passed around just as frequently. Maybe I'm traveling in limited circles. Is it still called the rich man's habit? I would think not.

**Camille:** For a woman, there's a definite pattern in dealing with males in any business. The American male has been exposed to women dealers a lot longer than the macho Latins we spoke about before. Men have dealt with women on so many other levels than the traditional roles. So when it comes to drugs, although it may take them a minute to get beyond themselves, if you drop a k on their lap, they still come around.

**Liz:** I think they respond to wherever you are coming from. There are some men who'll never get past dealing with a woman. But the majority will consider it incidental. It really depends on you as a woman and how much you're aware of. It doesn't pay to go into it with a defensive attitude and have the man respond in kind.

**High Times:** How about the other way around? Do you ever see a deal going by smoother because you bat your eyelashes a

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little bit?

**Camilie:** I don't know if it's even that. Some men I know have said they'd rather deal with a woman, that it's easier.

**High Times:** But is your sexuality to your advantage?

**Liz:** No, but it's believed that women are not as good business people as men.

**Camilie:** I don't agree. There's no sex involved in who is a good business person.

**High Times:** Liz, does your old man mind you running around dealing with other men? A lot of your dealing must be transacted at night, given the type of drug coke is. Does that bother him?

**Liz:** Well, the hours are difficult. We love being together and it takes me away from him, but he loves me and there's no question as to what I am doing. He knows I'm strictly business. I'm sure we'd have an easier relationship if I was straight, with a straight job. He has a straight job. He's very liberal, he understands that I enjoy what I do. It might be easier if he knew I was in an office during the day, instead of downtown, uptown, all around town. Besides, he likes blowing free coke.

**High Times:** Do you find that since you're a coke dealer people expect you to turn them on a lot or impose themselves on you?

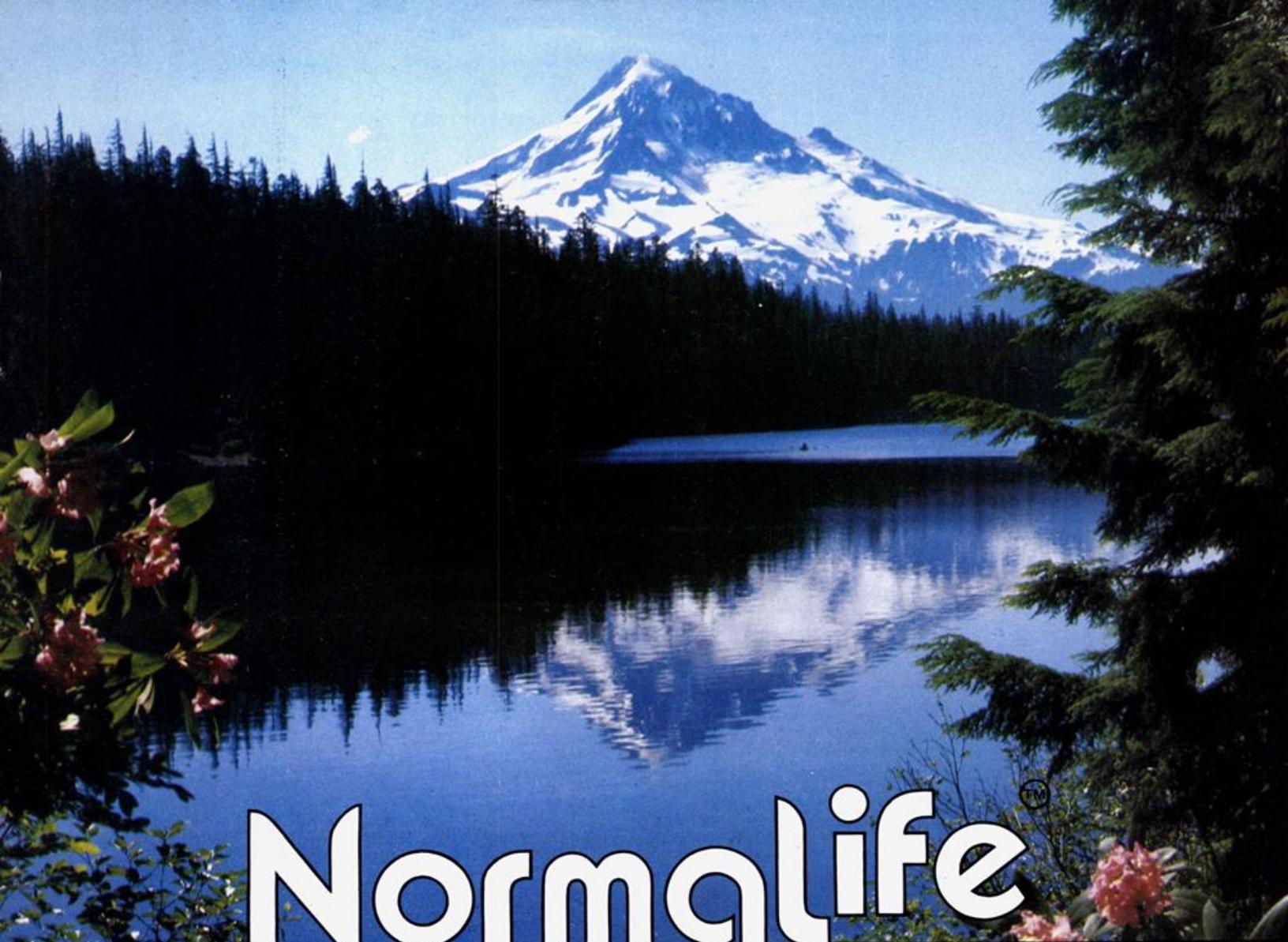
**Liz:** Well, I don't think my friends impose themselves on me, and only my friends know that I deal coke. Although it is something that's pretty much expected of me. I've seen it in dealing with or interrelating with other friends that are dealers and how I felt at different times of my life when I was out of the business and my friends would come over. I knew they were dealing and nothing went out on the table, you know. I'd wonder why, and if it was a question of money I'd bring it up. But at that point, well, I knew—you get a feeling that someone has a stash and they're not bringing it out. But my friends never have a problem with me. I blow a lot of coke, I enjoy it and like to share it.

**High Times:** We all acknowledge that dealing started with almost entirely males, and lately it's been changing more and more. Do you find that men tried to keep women out of the club, so to speak, or were they openly welcome?

**Liz:** I don't think they were openly welcome, but they pretty much are accepting it. I think they were surprised to find it happening. It's even a surprise to me when I look around and see so many women dealing. Things I hadn't considered before are opening up to me. It's as if one day women woke up and said, "Wow, I can do this." Things they used to pass on to men to handle, connect people to do business together and get a percentage, they're now handling themselves, and making a living out of it. A pretty good living, wouldn't you agree?

**High Times:** Another blow would be fine right now.

**Ladies:** Be our guest. □



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### Some surprising facts about Marijuana vs. Tobacco.

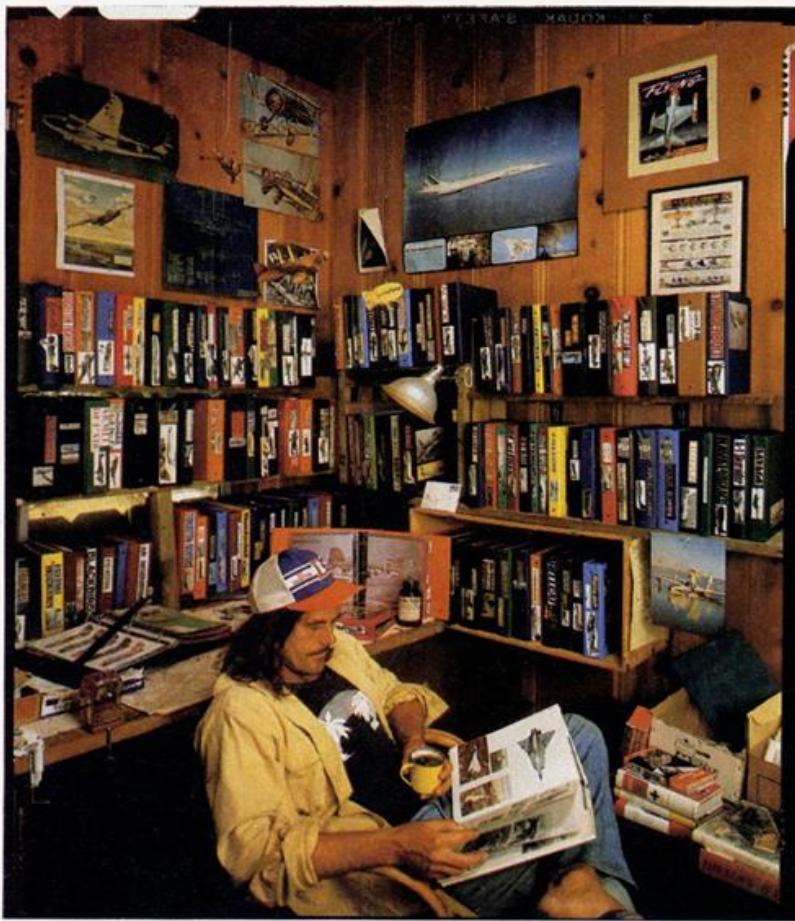
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# Highs • Interiors.



by Eleanore Kennedy

Commander Cody—musician, painter, sculptor and collector—is hardly your ordinary rocker. For one thing, he actually *finished* art school. "I have a degree in sculpture, you know," says Cody, aka George Frayne. "After college I went to New York



like everybody else, but *the art scene wasn't my art scene. So I chose music.*"

The life of rock 'n' roll ended Cody's academic career, but not the flow of creative juices. His sculpture and paintings are featured in the STARAR exhibit currently touring the country and in the book of the same name. Alongside Cody's work is that of Joni Mitchell, Ron Wood and Klaus Voorman.

The massive sculptures of the '60s, now part of private collections, have given way to the "projected" oils that hang throughout the cottage. He paints in an attached converted garage, where cases of paint and art supplies mingle with boxes filled with carefully sorted pieces of "found art" from the beach. "I'm working on a series I call 'The Most Overrated Americans'" (bottom left, and right). "I started off with John Wayne. Then I added Hemingway and Kissinger. I got the idea from finding junk on the beach and making these frames." The frames—each a montage of painted plastic models and carved wooden chair legs—have, according to Cody, no particular significance. He plans the addition of one overrated American woman. "Probably Jackie O. I'm looking for a photo of her with her shit-eating grin. And freckles."

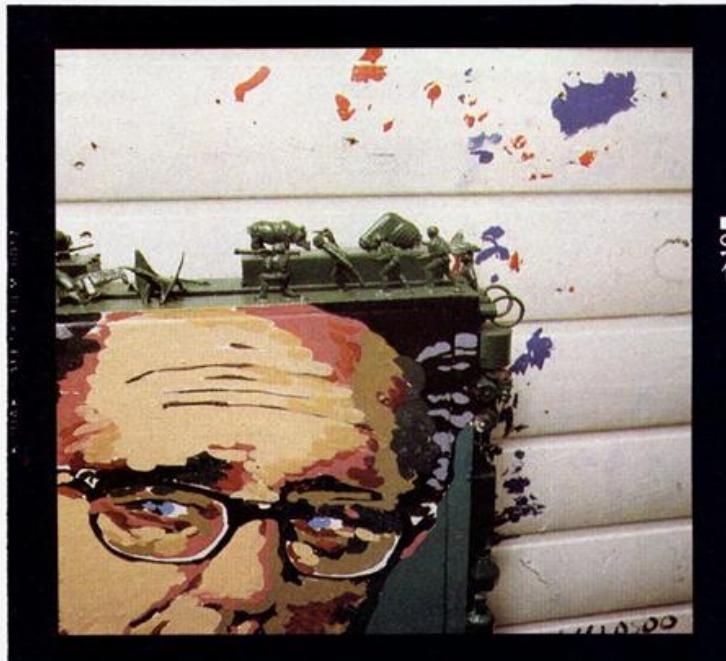
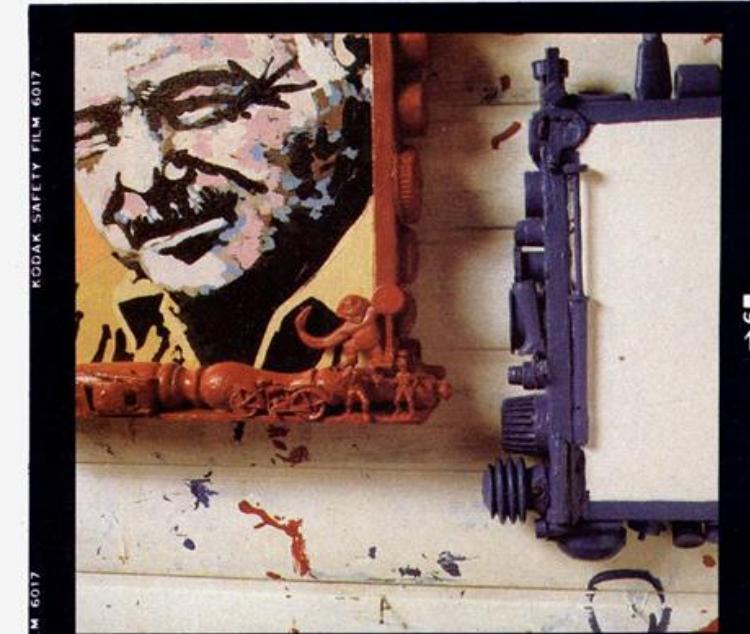
"Images. I'm really into images." Visual images confound the visitor to the tiny Stinson Beach, California, cottage, where Cody's creative efforts crowd out traditional furnishings. Above the dresser hangs "Breakfast of Cheerleaders," from his Working Girls series (middle right). Seen through the door: a 1980 reworking of a '60s painting, "Crowded Airport." The door itself, covered with the magazine photos and movie promotions he did the previous week, is a signed work of art.

The Commander admits to a mania for flying sculpture. His collection of aircraft memorabilia, which Frayne playfully refers to as the "George Frayne Encyclopedia of Aviation," fills 214 loose-leaf volumes (top left). The walls are covered with photographs: the Lockheed Venture, a North American A2J and a Piaggio Seaplane. And there are models hanging overhead, gifts from friends and fans.

Browsing through *Conquest of the Air*, one of his many oversized aeronautic texts, the Commander chuckles over a line attributed to the commander whose name he adopted in the pursuit of a career in rock 'n' roll: "Cody has been the victim of extensive comment by people who never saw him at work and who had no direct touch with anything he did."

The usual insanity reigns. The band is going on tour—somewhere. "We're going to either Germany or Milwaukee next," Cody confirms. His manager's call finally comes through around 3:30. The band is headed for Hamburg, returning to a long American tour. Cody prepares, he says, by eating plenty of red meat. "I take lots of vitamins, in case I happen to run into any cocaine. I don't believe in the Virgin Mary. I believe in vitamin C."

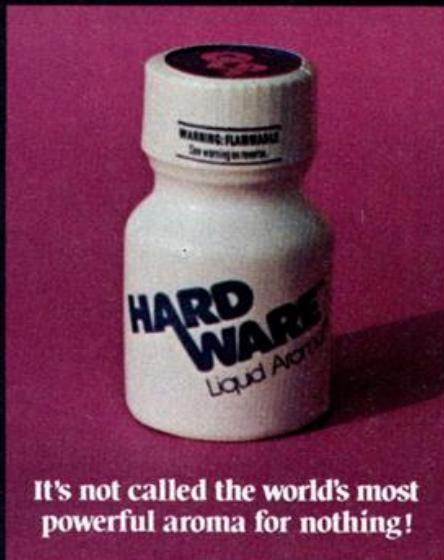
We're supposed to be talking about the house. So, George, how's the neighborhood? "It's a real close community," he confides. "I traded a painting once for three abalone and a six-foot marijuana plant!" □



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## Me and Big Joe

continued from page 50

the woman and tried to stammer out a question, but she just waved at the hole. "Don't worry none," she said, "no one livin' down 'neath us now. Ain't been no one there for months." She walked away and I got down on my hands and knees and got sick with no trouble at all. But I faced away from the hole. There was just no way I could look down that thing.

When my business in the closet was finished I returned to the living room and took George aside. "George," I said, "this is about enough. We gotta go back to Chicago, now." "Yeah," he agreed, "this is a pretty sorry scene—let's hit it." So I told Joe to pack up. His eyes popped.

"You wait a minute! Just who here carryin' who?!"

"Joe, I don't care who's carrying who—George and I are going back."

"You don't like my people!"

"I like your people fine, Joe, but it's just not my scene—I'm sorry."

"Yeah, you is sorry, all right! Well get on back to Chicago! Go on an' go wherever you wants—I'm stayin' here!"

I looked at George. He was fidgeting with the car keys. Joe pulled on his schnapps and glowered at us over the top of the bottle.

"Joe, look," I asked, "do you want us to drop you somewhere before we leave?" He thought a moment.

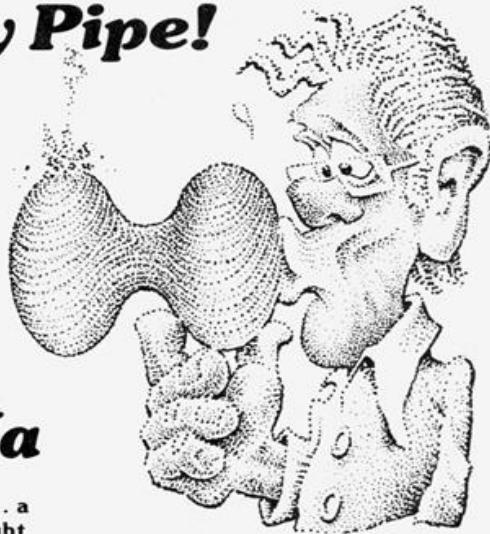
"Yeah," he finally said, "you carry me over to East St. Louis, where my cousin live."

**S**o George and I crossed over to an old iron bridge into Illinois and Joe directed us to the outskirts of town, where we drove down a narrow dirt road full of potholes. We stopped in front of a ramshackle frame house set well back off the road and Joe, carrying an old battered suitcase, got out. George pulled Joe's amp from the back seat while I handed him his guitar, and the three of us stood there in the road, Joe looking sullen. "Well, see you back in Chicago," I said, somewhat apologetically. "Take care, Joe," said George. Joe just grunted something and George and I got back in the car and drove away.

A hundred yards or so down the road I turned around and looked back. Joe was still there in the road, fumbling with his suitcase and equipment. He was an image from the lyrics of a blues song, or from the cover of a record jacket—Joe and his suitcase and guitar, looking down a hot dusty road, alone. "George," I said, "we can't just go off like this—it's like we're abandoning him or something. We gotta turn around." And we did. Because, for better or for worse, here was a man of stature. There was a great pride in this man, a great strength in this man. And there was poetry. He was a poet of the

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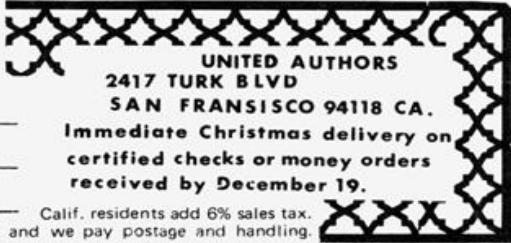
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**Me and Big Joe**

*continued from page 77*

highways, and in the words of his songs he could sing to you his life. And to hear him talk about Robert Johnson or Son House or Charlie Patton, to hear life distilled from 50 years of thumbing rides and riding rails and playing joints—to hear of levees and work gangs and tent shows, of madness and whores, pimps and rounders, of gamblers and roustabouts and bootleggers, of circuit-preachers and medicine-show men—well, it was something. Because to know this man was to know the story of black America, and maybe to know the story of black America is to know America itself.

Joe didn't look at us as we pulled up beside him in the road.

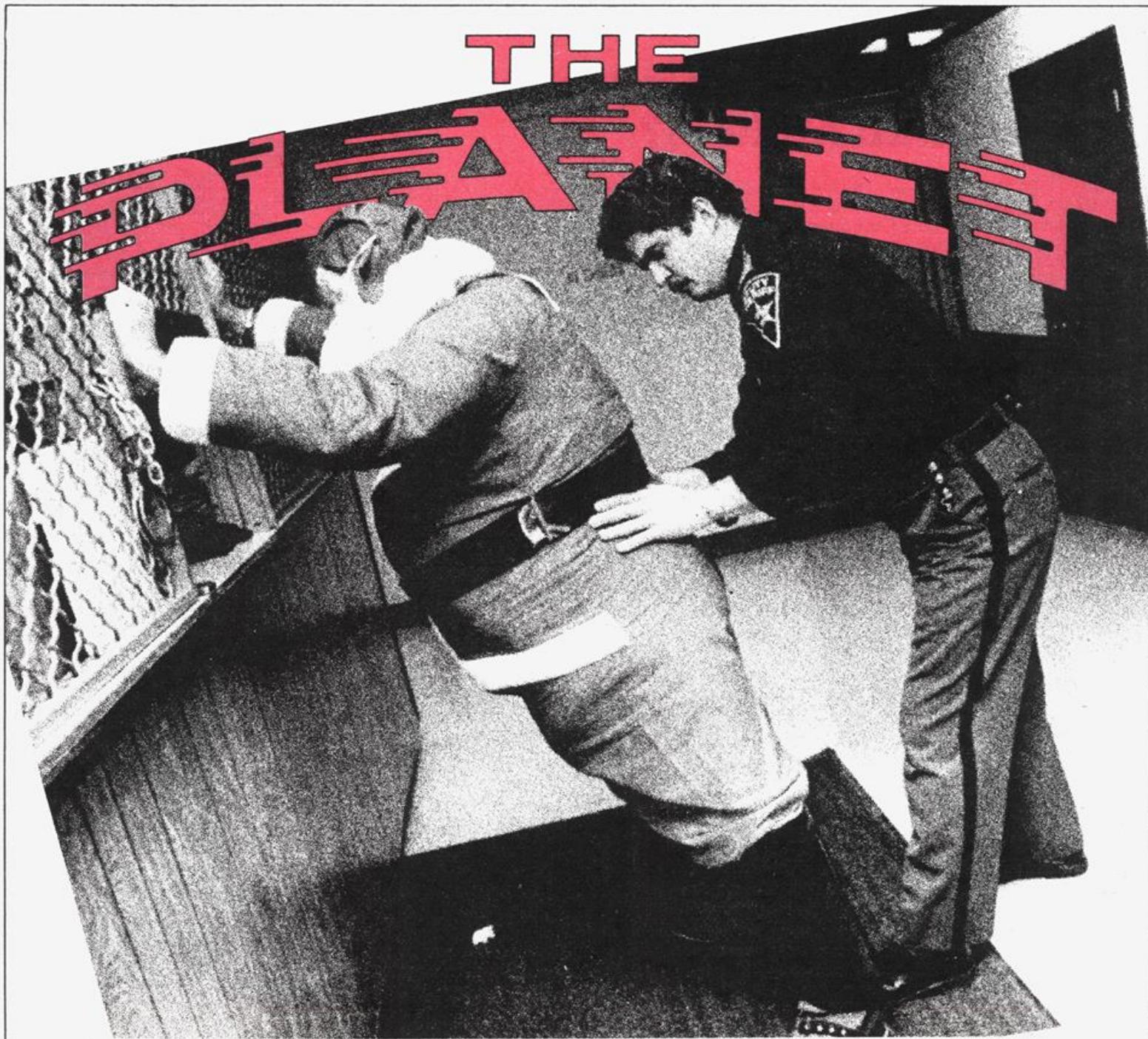
"Come on, Joe," I said, "come on back to Chicago with us."

"No, I want to stay some while longer. You boys go on back to your peoples—you don't belong here."

And he was right. I had thought I could be part of his culture and live out on the street with him, but I couldn't. I was a stranger in a strange land, and it was nobody's fault but my own. So George and I wheeled around and drove away again, and this time when I looked back, Joe was gone.

Back in Chicago, I avoided the record store for a couple of weeks. For one thing, I was afraid Joe might be hostile toward me, maybe even physically if he'd been drinking. But the real trouble was that I could only talk Joe's life—when it came down to living it, I couldn't do it, and Joe knew it. And I didn't want to confront that aspect of myself and I didn't want to confront his knowledge of that aspect.

But staying away got to be worse than any confrontation, so finally one day I went into the store and headed for the basement. Joe was sitting down there in old serge trousers and an electric-green shirt with spangles all down the front. The spangles looked like the little things you see on sugar cookies at Christmas time. He had a bottle of beer in one hand and his guitar strung across his lap, and on the floor beside him was a six-pack. As I approached him a strange look came over his face. It was a hard look to describe—it was shy, but at the same time it was sly, too. "Joe," I said, my voice a little tentative, "how are you?" Still with that odd expression on his face he looked up at me. "Well, Michael," he said, "we really had ourselves a time in that St. Louis, didn't we?" Then he reached in the six-pack for a beer and held it out to me. I took it and pulled an old hardback chair over and sat down, facing him. He picked up his guitar and struck off some chords and notes, and for a while I watched his fingers make those nine strings ring. I opened the beer and took a pull. "Yeah, Joe," I said, "we sure did have a time. We really did indeed." □



*Local officer's body-frisk turned up felony quantity of the drug.*

## Santa Busted, Freed on Drug Rap

BUDGE, UTAH—"I don't care what excuses he comes up with to live with himself," Deputy Sheriff Wallace DeConcini snorts contemptuously. "And I don't care what kind of fancy flimflam his big-shot lawyers come up with either. The fact is, Santa Claus is a hero and a role model for young kids all over the country, and he's got that responsibility to live up to. So if he wants to fool with that stuff, I for one am going to lean on him, and lean on him hard."

The 320-pound international philanthropist was busted by Budge on a local rooftop in alleged possession of 3.8 ounces of marijuana concealed in a stitched fold of his merry red mitten. After several hours' detention in the Budge Public Safety Center, he was released on his own recognizance at a hearing in county court.

"This man is a victim of archaic, unconstitutional laws rooted

in racism and ignorance," public defender Tracey Bradlaugh told magistrate Garland Thompson. "With several centuries of demonstrated public service behind him, are we to pillory him now for indulging in personal habits which, while we may not personally condone them, present a negligible hazard to himself, and none at all to other individuals?" Judge Thompson freed Claus pending a hearing next month. Subsequently, attorneys for Claus in Anchorage, Alaska, declared they would fight any extradition efforts, on the grounds that the marijuana involved had been grown legally in that state.

"It's a fine state of affairs when anybody thinks they can breeze through town with a snootful of narcotics, and get away scot-free," complains DeConcini. "Next time you make a deposit in your Christmas club, stop and think how much of it is going to garbage like this."

The Canadian Conundrum:

## Is Every Citizen Entitled to His or Her National Anthem?

OTTAWA, CANADA—Late-night television viewers along the U.S.-Canadian border have traditionally enjoyed a fairly grandiose and prolonged sign-off production every night, incorporating "The Star-Spangled Banner," then "God Save the Queen," and finally "O Canada," all with appropriately stirring patriotic imagery. Lately, though, Canadian station managers have become increasingly uncertain about the propriety of the last two anthems, as political controversy mounts over both.

"God Save the Queen," with its invitation to Her Majesty to come, "happy and glorious," to "reign o'er us," is fiercely resented by Canadian nationalists of every stripe, naturally. But "O Canada" is also a source of grave contention. Since it was originally written with French lyrics, in 1880 Quebec, some stations actually play successive versions of it in French and English. Others keep it strictly instrumental, which draws fire from patriots of both languages.

In plain English, "O Canada" draws plenty of criticism. Feminists object to the line "all thy sons command," which implicitly

enjoins daughters from patriotic feelings. The characterization of Canada as "the true North proud and free" likewise rankles folks in the western provinces, who feel left out.

Last summer Parliament bravely endeavored to patch things up by altering some of the English lyrics. The stultifying repetitiveness of the last stanza, which pledges "we stand on guard for thee" no less than five times, was tentatively changed in two places to "God keep our land glorious and free"—prompting immediate objections from those who advocate separation of church and state.

Nonetheless, Parliament decreed that the new anthem should be given an immediate tryout at a public gathering including thousands of citizens. Of course, the French sang the French version, while the English tried to outshout them—and couldn't, because so few of them knew the new lyrics.

Which leaves TV sign-offs higher up in the air than ever. If they drop "God Save the Queen" and "O Canada" and continue running "The Star-Spangled Banner," revolution might erupt.



"It must have been fate," lisped Soviet cosmonaut V. Gorbatko as he announced plans to wed Vietnamese spaceman Pham Tuan (left) after their nine-week jaunt together last summer. The historic flight boasted the first international crew to go into space and come back engaged.

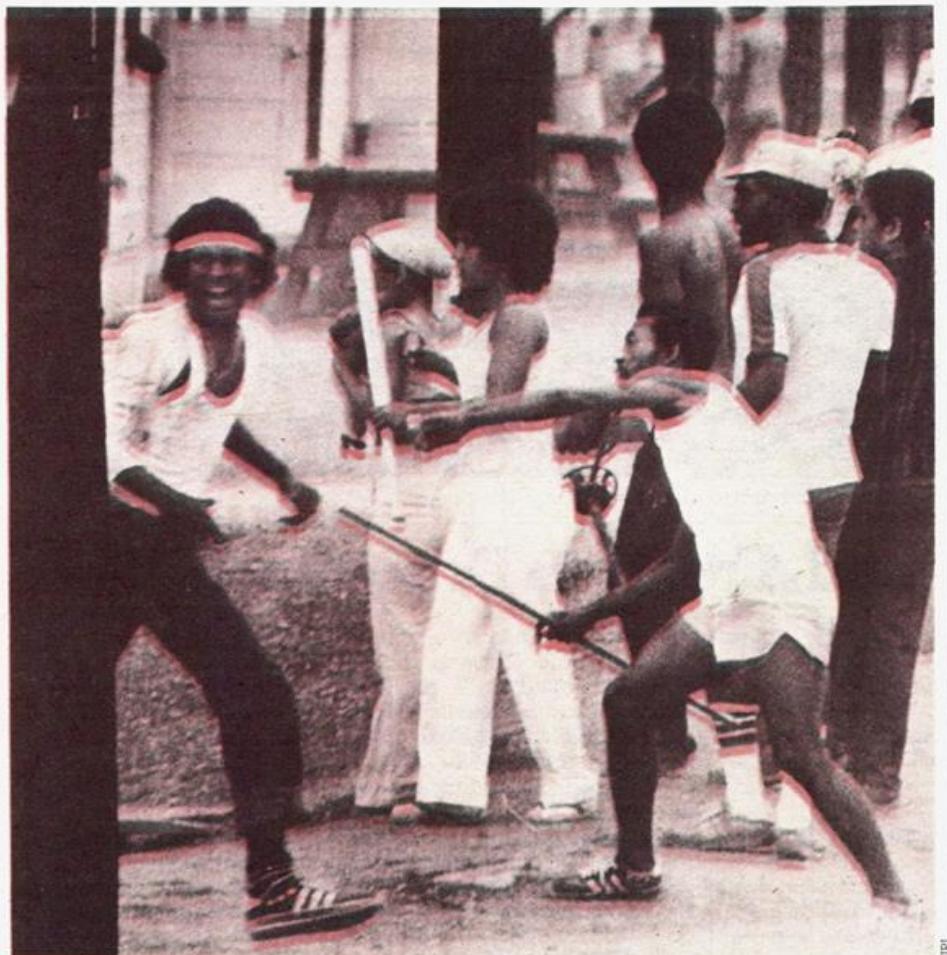
## Papal Imperialism Looms in South America

SANTIAGO, CHILE—Pressure from Latin American Catholic clerics to appoint more priests in their countries has been answered by the Vatican in a peculiar way: by a drive to transplant North American and European priests in South American dioceses. The move has come, suggests a South American cleric, as a counter to "the demand by countries who have few priests that they be allowed to ordain women and married men."

In diplomatic doubletalk, though, the Vatican is saying that North America and Europe are simply overstaffed with priests itching for work. Priests in industrialized dioceses, claims Rome's Sacred Congregation for the Clergy, "are frustrated because they cannot fill their day and would much prefer to work harder and more intensively."

However that may be, it's true that there are only 15 priests for every 100,000 Catholics in Latin America, while there are 120 priests for every 100,000 U.S. Catholics. "It is clear," concludes the congregation, "that the most needy churches can be greatly helped by the transfer of priests."

Many South American observers, however, regard this "transplant" policy as another indication that the Vatican wants to discourage progressive Latin American clerics by fostering an influx of conservative priests unlikely to be radicalized by the vicious political oppression of most South American governments. "Many of the local churches in those countries have been trying to develop ministries for their own people," explains a local priest, "and trying to adapt the church's liturgy to their own culture. I think they would resent it if 'safe types' from Europe or North America went there to undo their efforts."

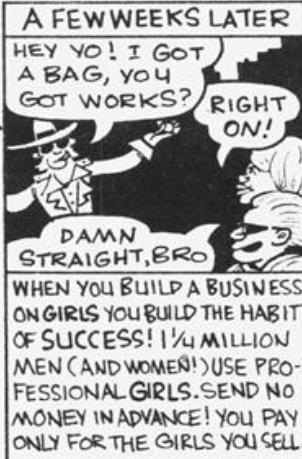
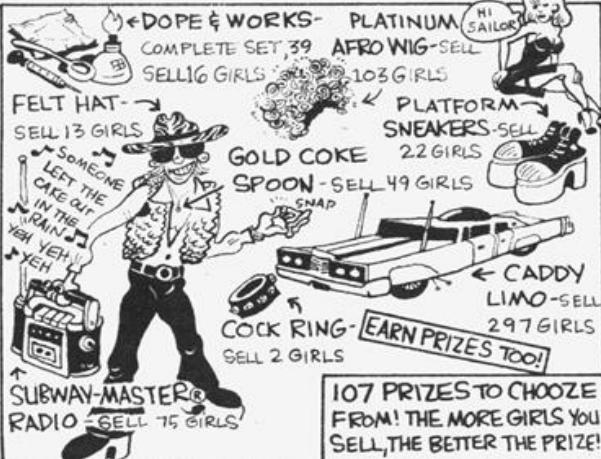
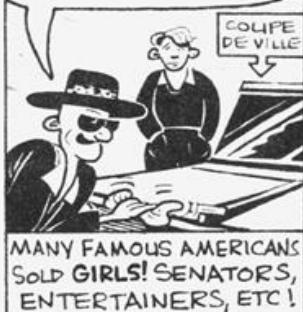


Rehearsals began last week for the Cuban Refugee Repertory Theater's production of "No No Fidel." Above we see the cast tear through the showstopper, "Se Habla Español."

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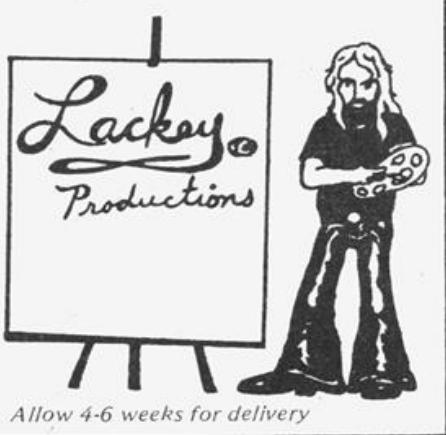
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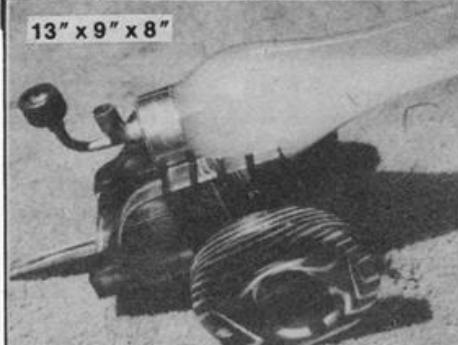
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## MARIJUANA Grower's Guide



# United States Sells Out Taiwan, Then Buys Right Back In

TAIPEI, TAIWAN—How does it feel to be sold out by the United States after 30 years of pledges of unyielding loyalty?

"What the hell, who needs them anyway?" shrugs a Taiwanese engineer after two years of "derecognition" by the United States. "It just made us work harder, and we're better off."

In fact, Taiwan's economy has been expanding by some 30 percent per year since the 1979 sellout, amounting last year to \$30 billion in foreign trade, with a \$1.3-billion surplus. Per capita income has risen to \$1,800, the highest in Asia. A new subway system is under construction in Taipei, and a 373-kilometer superhighway is nosing briskly through the rice paddies and terrace gardens outside of town. Cut-rate package tours on the state-owned China Airlines have attracted a grand influx of Japanese visitors, more than filling up the initial slack caused by a temporary drop in U.S. tourists.

And U.S. business picked back up in short order, too, after the 1979 derecognition decision by Washington, which the Taiwanese dubbed "Typhoon Carter." Although the Americans ostentatiously closed their embassy and consulate here, they quietly promised to insure and maintain all investments and loans. Within weeks, the American In-

stitute, a quasi-governmental foundation, set up headquarters in the old U.S. military-aid compound. The institute director is the de facto U.S. ambassador, and its "travel service section" is the American consulate.

U.S. troops, of course, were removed from the islands, to no one's regrets. "There is no indication China will attack," observes a government analyst, "so what's the difference if there are no U.S. ships in the Straits of Formosa?" By maintaining and expanding contracts with U.S. war-technology companies, Taiwan has very effectively managed to enhance its military capabilities.

American Cyanamid, for instance, is presently constructing a new \$10-million plant on Formosa. The Northrup Corporation is still producing F-5 jet fighters from a plant jointly owned with the government, and less than a year after official derecognition, the U.S. Congress agreed to sell \$250 million in arms to Taiwan, including Hawk ground-to-air guided missiles.

China in any case is not seriously viewed anymore as the most pressing threat to the conservative government in Taipei. Chinese strongman Deng Xiaoping defused Taiwanese paranoia last year by pronouncing that the Chinese economy would have to achieve Taiwan's level of development before any annexation could be contem-

plated. As a result, trade mushroomed, with some \$14 million in goods moving between the old arch-enemies, through British-controlled Hong Kong, in 1979. Peking still demands that Taiwan cease billing itself as the "true" China, but the point isn't pressed very vigorously.

The greatest change since derecognition has been the growing demand by native Taiwanese for a representative voice in the Kuomintang, the central Taipei government controlled for 30 years by reactionary refugees from the mainland. Backed up by U.S. arms, the repressive Kuomintang mainlanders lost much of their grip on the Taiwanese majority after 1979. As native challenges mount against the aging Nationalist regime, the government has responded with mass roundups of dissidents, torture and police-trained vigilante terror squads. In the most notorious incidents last year the staff of the dissident paper *Formosa* was jailed and scores of supporters were killed or locked up. The American wife of one *Formosa* editor, Linda Arrigo Shih, charges that the Kuomintang "has shown by these arrests that it will not tolerate any challenge to its totalitarian control, and that it will use any means it can—control of news, courts, the secret police system—to maintain its absolute control."



Anthropologists working in the remote Geebo-Geebo province of northeast Gabon shocked the entire civilized world last week when they released this picture of two men and one woman from the heretofore unknown Mahahabutti tribe. "It was incredible," said Dr. Squatty Moors, an Australian anthropologist. "There were about 75 of them and they all evinced this rather garish resemblance to the American president." Miss Lillian, when asked by reporters to comment on this astounding discovery, proclaimed defensively, "I have never been anywhere near Gabon."

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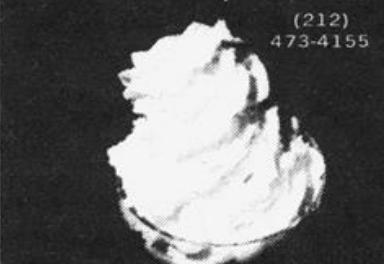
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**26** FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTgomery: I don't use either alcohol or tobacco, and I'm 100 percent efficient. Winston Churchill: I use both, and my efficiency is 200 percent.

Attributed to Churchill and Montgomery on the occasion of their first meeting early in World War II.

**27** ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO DO AWAY with half of mankind but without alcohol and tobacco the other half would die

Men's room graffiti,  
Germany

**28** ANCIENT CHINESE WRITINGS REFER TO cannabis as "the liberator of sin"... other Chinese writers refer to cannabis as "the delight giver"

In other words: what you be is what you get.

**29** BOM—BOM—MAHADEV  
(Boom! Boom! Great Big God)  
Shivite marijuana mantra  
sung when smoking

**30** CRYSTAL GOT MY WOMAN  
Dope's driving her insane  
She used to be so pretty  
Now she can't remember her name.

Country Joe & the Fish,  
"Here We Go Again," 1969

**31** A CUSTOME LOASTHSOME TO THE EYE, hateful to the nose, harmful to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, neerest resembling the horrible Stigian smoake of the pit that is bottomlesse.

from King James'  
*Counter-Blaste Against Tobacco*,  
1604

**32** HE WHO DRINKS BHANG WISELY AND according to rule, be he ever so low, even though his body is smeared with human ordure and urine, is Shiva.

He who drinks bhang foolishly or for pleasure without religious rites is as guilty as the sinner of lakhs [100,000s] of sins.

**33** I CONTEND THAT ONE DAY WE SHALL use these soothing substances without danger, that we shall avoid habit-making, that we shall laugh at the bugaboo of the drug.

Jean Cocteau,  
*Opium: diary of a cure*, 1930

**34** I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES UNTO THE pills whence cometh my help.

Malcolm Muggeridge,  
*New Statesman*, 1962

**35** IF YOU CAN'T DANCE TO IT or if it isn't dope or possessed of a dick-sized aperture then shit on it.

Ed Sanders, 1967

**36** IN 1878, SELLING AN ALCOHOLIC TINCTURE of opium was the paradigm of free enterprise in chemotherapy, and ingesting it the paradigm of medical treatment. In 1978, selling heroin is a crime often punished more severely than first-degree murder; ingesting it is a disease considered more important and more serious than diphtheria, polio, or even syphilis.

Thomas Szasz, M.D.,  
*Inquiry*, June 26, 1978



**37** IN ISTANBUL, COFFEE DRINKERS WERE mistreated, put to the lash. The lovers of coffee had their tongues torn out or were sewn in sacks and thrown into the sea. Similar measures were adopted in Russia.

**38** IT IS BETTER TO HAVE PUKE AND OD'd than never to have OD'd at all. 1960s graffiti

**39** KEEP ME HIGH AND I'LL BALL YOU forever. 1960s button



Illustration by Ned Sonntag

**40** THE KIDS TODAY ARE TIRED OF HEARING all our old stories about how one had to walk 10 miles barefoot to score a joint and how they have it so easy.

Deanne Stillman,  
*Berkeley Barb*, Nov. 29, 1979

OFTEN COFFEE DRINKERS, FINDING the drug to be unpleasant, turn to other narcotics of which opium and alcohol are most common.

Dr. T. D. Crothers, 1902

**42** PEOPLE SELLING AND PLANTING HASHISH are not causing as much harm as those making atomic bombs in many parts of the world.

Bashir Kairouz, ex-member,  
Lebanese parliament,  
*New York Times*, January 15, 1971

**43** SIR, I WORK IN THE CASUALTY DEPARTMENT of a London teaching hospital. Despite the distribution of "millions" of tablets of LSD by the recently sentenced drug ring, I have only seen one medical problem resulting from its use. Conversely, not a day goes by without the appearance of individuals who are dead, dying, or crippled as a direct result of using tobacco. Why, then, are one group of manufacturers and distributors rewarded with knighthoods and large personal fortunes, while another group are imprisoned and rendered destitute?

Resident medical officer,  
Westminster Hospital, letter to the  
*Guardian*, 1978

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# Zen Bastard.

by Paul Krassner

You can go to prison for shoplifting, but steal a joke and you get applauded. When Frank Sinatra almost got kicked out of Australia by a union official, Bob Hope told Mort Sahl that the poor guy woke up one morning with the head of a kangaroo in his bed. *The Godfather* has given our culture the reference point for that image. But Sahl now tells the switch as his own, without credit. Hopeless. Theft of humor isn't always that direct, though, nor as clear-cut. Being a standup comic myself, I have talked onstage about est, and how anyone who pays \$300 to be called an asshole obviously is one—a line that was later used by a comedian who probably thought he made it up himself. Certain jokes develop organically out of their own context.

The other day I got a call from Lotus Weinstock, a thoughtful and funny performer. The previous night on the Johnny Carson show, Steve Martin did a bit that involved getting a compliment from his tape recorder. Not only had Lotus already been doing this in public, but now she was afraid she'd have to drop it from her act for fear of being accused of stealing

material from Steve Martin. I suggested that she capitalize on this misfortune by incorporating it into her dialogue with her tape recorder. Consider my disdain, then, when I discovered that this philosophical premise of mine had obviously been lifted—right across the Atlantic Ocean—by French filmmaker Nelly Kaplan.

*Charles and Lucie* is about the misadventures of a middle-aged couple. Their trouble starts when he sells the furniture in order to pay phony lawyers who con them into believing she has inherited a fantastic estate. One thing, as Dear Abby has pointed out to us so often, leads to another. After they have been stripped of their possessions and their dignity, layer by layer, vignette by vignette, a gang of thugs strips them of their clothing, and they wake up in the middle of a scene that simply transcends self-indulgence: A snake in a tree drops an apple on the grass under which the naked pair have been left. They eat the apple and walk away, hand in hand. God said, "Let there be tackiness," and there was tackiness.

Still, there is a strange charm in the way they gradually rediscover each other—a charm that, indeed, has a logic of

its own. For example, when they are frolicking together nude in the ocean, and Lucie wants to make love in the infamous wading position, Charles declines. Why? "Because it makes bubbles." Borrowing the clothes of a convenient scarecrow, they end

Charles and Lucie: *Bereft in Eden*.



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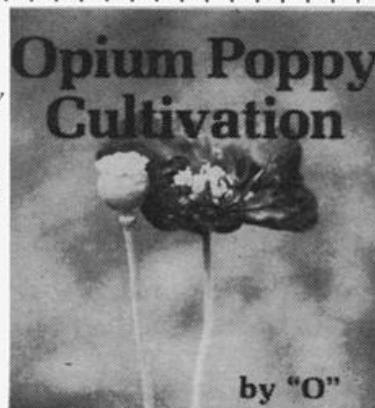
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Steal this joke: How to beat the high cost of movie producing.

up telling their tales to a funeral luncheon wherein the mourners get transformed into an audience. The restaurant owner who tried to bounce them now passes the hat for them instead.

They ultimately learn that the reason they were victims in the first place was

because the con men wanted a painting that she never knew was an original Van Gogh. This is all in the script, I'm not pulling your ear... sorry. They sell the painting to a museum and with their new wealth buy a van and go around as an entertainment duo. They capitalize on their misfortune, exactly as I suggested to Lotus Weinstock! I have consulted my tape recorder and it advises: "Sue Nelly Kaplan for plagiarism immediately..."

The American counterpart to the quest of Charles and Lucie is *How to Beat the High Cost of Living*, which features not a couple, but a trio of friends—Jane Curtin, now a refugee from "Saturday Night Live"; Susan St. James, divorced from "McMillan and Wife"; and Jessica Lange, who was last seen plucking hairs from the sweaty palm of King Kong. But in this case, they are the ripoff artists, only they're ripping off a bank in an imaginative and nonviolent fashion. This kind of thing is no longer a crime. It is, rather, the path to becoming a folk hero. Is there a soul alive who rooted against those senior citizens who robbed a bank in *Going in Style*? They had loaded guns. And poor aim to boot.

Of course, Jane Curtin, who does a striptease in order to divert the attention of security guards, has nicer tits than George Burns. But then, how can we be sure they are really her tits? It is a matter of documented fact that in *The Last Picture Show*, when Cybil Shepherd ostensibly

displayed her tits at the swimming pool, they were actually the tits of a stand-in. This was because Cybil's then-director-then-husband, Peter Bogdanovich, had her tits stenciled with the legend FOR YOUR EYES ONLY.

Although *High Cost of Living* is cleverly scripted by Robert Kaufman, he has brazenly stolen one of my jokes. For years I've been doing a bit about the Bionic Family, in which the Bionic Man explains to Marcus Welby, "Doc, I can't get it down." In the movie a traffic cop sarcastically says to Jane Curtin, "Tell me something I've never heard before," and she responds, "The Bionic Man can't get it down?" Once again I've consulted my tape recorder and it advises: "Sue Robert Kaufman for coincidence immediately..."

Both *Charles and Lucie* and *How to Beat the High Cost of Living* take off on the relatively universal fantasy of getting a lot of money fast—six chairs, no waiting—particularly during shitty economic times. More importantly, as with the middle-aged married couple, these three younger women rediscover themselves and each other through the process of sharing a unique and scary interplay of circumstances and choice that have allowed them to survive. It's kind of like the est graduate who doesn't want to marry out of his experience. Incidentally, I stole that line from some comedian, but I forgot his name. □

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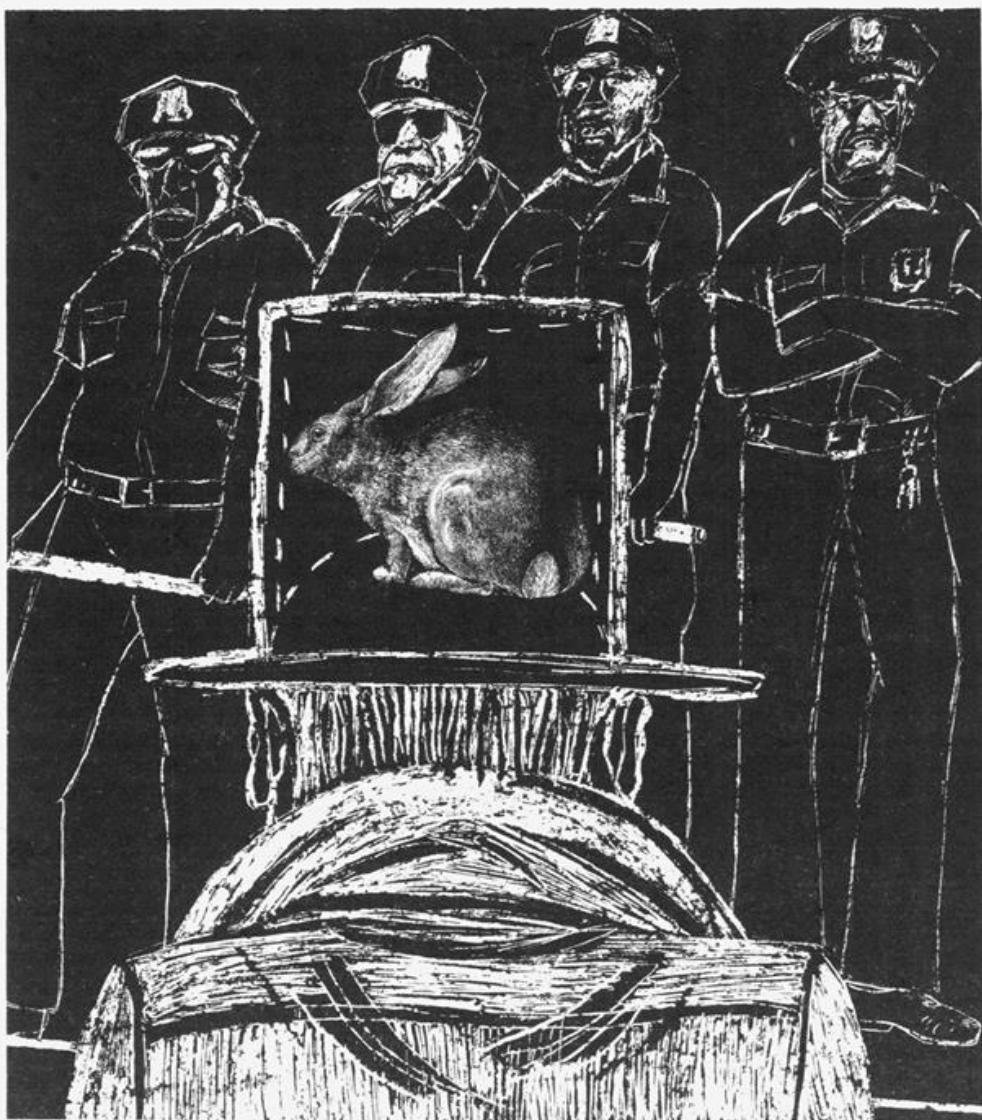
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Other exigent circumstances are the likelihood of the destruction of evidence or when the presence of a weapon is more probable than not. (Search of a pocket or beneath clothing is invalid unless a weapon is suspected.) In *Terry v. Ohio* an officer saw three men casing a store in Cleveland. The cop had no probable cause to arrest but, fearing they were armed and presently dangerous, patted them down. The officer felt two pistols and removed them from the suspects' pockets. Terry was charged with carrying a concealed weapon. His lawyer moved to have the evidence suppressed. The legal questions were twofold: whether the officer's actions were justified at the inception and whether they were reasonably related in scope to the circumstances that justified interference in the first place. The Supreme Court denied the motion to suppress. But lots of times overeager cops carry searches beyond the point of reasonableness. If a cop pats you down in a weapons search and doesn't feel a hard object, he can't then ask you to empty your pockets to look for dope.

A lot of searches are justifiable based on administrative technique. Routine weapons searches at airports fall into this category. So do administrative searches at state and federal buildings. These instances present exceptions to the probable cause rule.

Observations standing alone may be probable cause—pinpoint pupils, for example. The smell of reefer, the sound of a gun may be probable cause. What constitutes probable cause depends on what the cops are looking for. If a couple of troopers in Michigan notice that the back of your car is weighted down, they probably can't do anything about it. But if you're in a border area where the cops may think you're smuggling illegal aliens, they may have probable cause to search the trunk. However, the thing the cop originally sees may not be the thing he ultimately finds. Two burned marijuana seeds in a car may not constitute probable cause to arrest, but may be cause to search the rider's compartment. What the cop then turns up may be probable cause to arrest without a warrant.

All of the rules are based on various factors. The Constitution prohibits unreasonable searches and seizures, but the exceptions—exigency, danger to police officers, administrative searches—are eroding the rights we were born with. The first step to tyranny is not necessarily anything more than toleration of unreasonable searches and seizures without a warrant. We will discuss this further. □

# Getting Off.

by Michael Stepanian

Last month we talked about how you can prevent a consent search by saying No at the appropriate moment. But the question is Can the cops search anyway? Can they search your home or car or pat you down without your consent? Without a consent the cops need probable cause, and that brings us around to the Fourth Amendment to the United States Constitution.

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrant shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched and the persons or things to be seized.

The key words in the amendment are "unreasonable" and "probable cause." There are thousands of cases and millions of pages about what's reasonable, what's probable cause. To some extent probable cause depends on the crime being committed. In the case of a misdemeanor the police have to witness the crime; in a felony, probable cause is needed to determine whether or not an officer can seize or arrest.

You must exercise a reasonable expectation of privacy before you have the right to complain of an unreasonable search or seizure. If a cop puts the red lights on you and you throw your joints and bags out the window, you don't have a reasonable expectation of privacy. In some instances your right to privacy may be superceded by exigent circumstances.

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# Books.

by John Tebbel  
and Martha Thomases

Are books a form of drug paraphernalia? If they can bust cigarette papers, can they bust a book that tells you how to roll your own?

Probably not, but the safe money in publishing is on books that steer clear of approving anything illegal. Sorry, no *Joy of Jaywalking* this year. Fear not. Titillating printed matter is still as near as your bookstore, though you do have to bring to it your own imagination.

Never known for their obedience to trends, the folks from the community they call The Farm offer this year's one, honest-to-oh-wow! dope title, **Amazing Dope Tales** (Summertown, Tenn.: The Book Publishing Co., \$7). Subtitled "And Haight Street Flashbacks," it's the work of first farmer Stephen Gaskin. The summers of love, et cetera, are now the stuff of sweet nostalgia, making this book perfect for little brother or as an indicator of any possible long-term memory loss.

One blissfully licit experience is chili—that condiment of the gods now thought to stimulate the release of endorphins to put out the fire in your tongue. Jane Butel is head of the Pecos River Spice company, nationwide purveyors of primo chili spices and author of **Chili Madness** (New York: Workman Publishing, \$6.95 cloth, \$3.95 paper). A complete guide to this altered state, it includes 20 recipes and enough helpful hints and chili lore to make the devil's soup the cornerstone of an alternative lifestyle.

**Musical Houses: Homes and Secret Retreats of Music Stars**

(Philadelphia: Running Press, \$7.95) is

a pictorial guide to lifestyle become obsession. Thrill to hot and cold running tubs! Marvel at the work of America's last remaining craftsmen! Grit your teeth as record prices soar in a vain effort to pay off the mortgage on your favorite recording star's private palace! The book's message? Practice!

Whether or not the Rolling Stones are "the greatest rock and roll band in the world," **Stone Age, 1961-1981** (New York: Stonehill) is, so far, the greatest rock 'n' roll book, coffee-table division. For \$25 you get:

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- a special LP record with 12 unreleased Stones cuts, from their first recorded song to the feely "CS Blues"; and
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This first in a projected series of "record/books" couldn't have picked a better subject, with the possible exception of Spike Jones.

Instant nostalgia's gonna get you if you pick up **Whatever Happened to...** (New York: Proteus, \$8.95), a book that assigns over 200 rockers their front-row seats in trivia heaven. The elect range from the intriguing (Bill Haley) to the insignificant (Tiny Tim) to the impenetrable (John Lennon).

Before you could afford records, there was the tube. And the greatest shows to hit the airwaves were the

*continued*

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sitcoms. **The Great TV Sitcom Book** by Rick Mitz (New York: Richard Marek, \$19.95) is the national archive of the great and not so great of the laugh-track legion. It's a permanent home for Lucy, Bilko, Archie, Mr. Peepers, Dobie, Car 54 and Jerry Mathers as the Beaver. With this book on your lap you won't bother to watch TV for at least a week as your eyes glaze over from memory overload.

Real people aside, the cartoons first hooked us all on the visual media, and they're still entertaining our grown-up selves as they seduce today's kids. The story of America's great cartoons is now told in one entertaining volume, **Of Mice and Magic**, by Leonard Maltin (New York: Plume, \$9.95). From the silents through the mouse, the rabbit, the one-eyed sailor, the nearsighted old fart and the horny feline Fritz, it's all here. And cartoons are almost as much fun to read about as to watch; they were made by adults trying to make each other laugh while taking nothing else seriously.

The serious business of patching up wounded soldiers makes the utterly mad world of **M\*A\*S\*H** an uncommonly thoughtful film farce and a long-running sitcom watched even by confirmed videophobes. David S. Reiss in **M\*A\*S\*H** (New York: Bobbs-Merrill, \$8.95) gives us something to do until the next episode rolls around, featuring interviews with the cast and production staff, summaries of every show, and a zillion behind-the-scenes details explaining the show and its context—the next best thing to a bowl of popcorn.

If you're only in (not of) this world, don't miss **Galaxies** (\$75), a big picture book from the Sierra Club (San Francisco). The luminous globs of stars and space goo are almost incomprehensibly big, far, strange and beautiful. We'll most likely never get any closer to them than this book, but there are the future generations to think about. You wouldn't want Junior to think that "Freeway ends—1000 feet" is really the end of the road.

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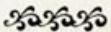
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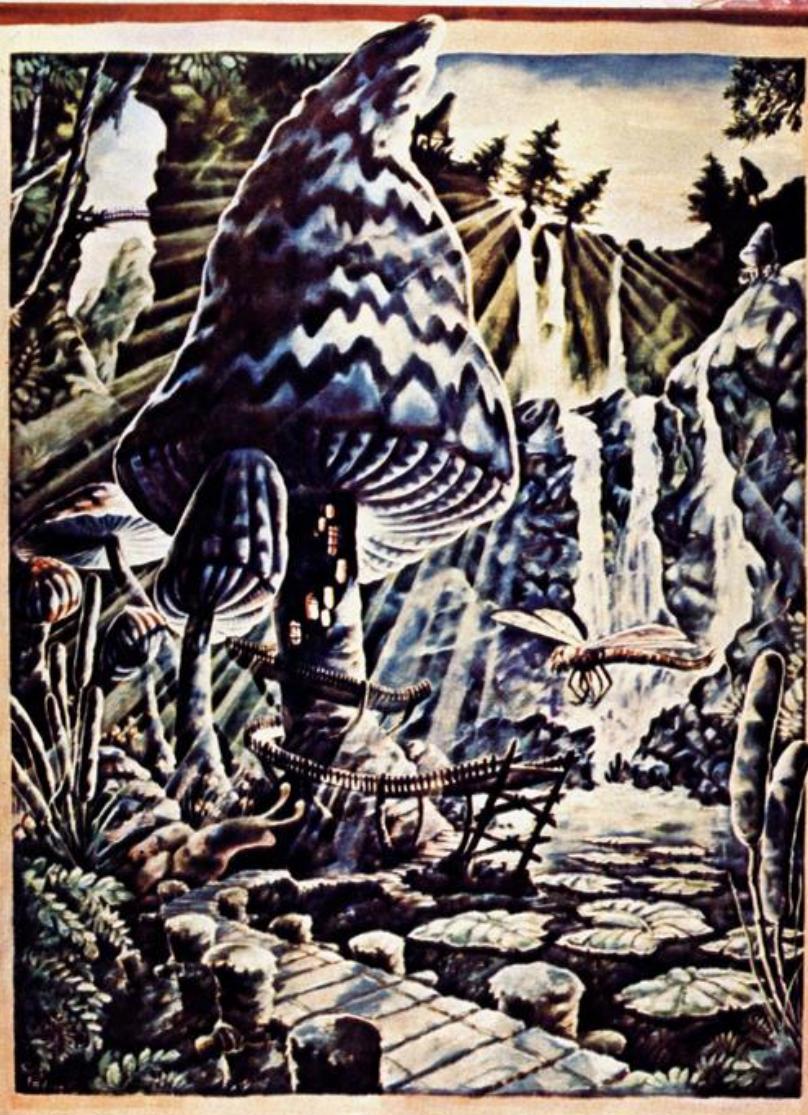


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# SOUNDS

by John Swenson

**Nantucket  
Long Way to the Top**  
Epic NJE 36523

**Blackfoot  
Tomcattin'**  
Atco 32-101

**Rossington Collins Band  
Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere**  
MCA 5130

The crowd of sailors fresh from boot camp at the Orlando, Florida, naval training base were well primed for a stomping good time. A dinner party of steaks and unlimited beer with a couple of live bands was on the agenda, and one of the groups, Nantucket, peered out of their makeshift dressing room in mock horror as they watched the crazed sailors abuse the opening act with a shower of steak bones and chants of "Free Bird" and "Lynyrd Skynyrd."

But when the MC took the stage and introduced "The sickest band in the South...Nantucket!!," the boys in white screamed and stomped along to rhythm guitarist Tommy Redd's searing power chords as the band blasted through a white-hot set. Redd leads the band with some of the most creative rhythm and lead guitar going—he blocks out the band's hard-edged sound and plays the guitar with a



CBS/Epic Records

**"So sue me," says Redd of Nantucket,  
"they can have my Torino—it doesn't  
even have any face-sitting value."**

spoon, slamming away at the strings for a heavier-than-metal crash.

As hot as the band's live sound is, it's Redd's phenomenally funny and X-rated songwriting that makes Nantucket special. "Rug Burn" and "Living With You" are the joke tunes on this set. Redd says he wrote "Living With You" about Britt Eckland's palimony suit against Rod Stewart. "So sue me," says Redd of that one. "They can have my Torino, two Vox guitars and four bills for furniture. The car doesn't even have any face-sitting value."

After finishing off the sailors, Redd and company returned to the studio nearby where they were putting the finishing touches on *Long Way to the Top*. We listened to the tapes while swilling Rebel Yell and a few unidentified bottles as well. The combination got Redd talking about a couple of the more serious songs on the record, particularly "Fifty More," which is about the kids who were trampled to death at the Who concert in Cincinnati last December. "I was on the road somewhere—Chicago, I think it was," Redd recalls. "At first I thought it was like a riot. It didn't sink in—damn, 11 people getting mashed to death. I thought about how many times myself I stood between a plate-glass window and 10,000 people. I didn't want to make it that blatant—the song never mentions the Who—but I heard Neil

Young called up Townshend and told him he wanted to write a song called 'Eleven Dead in Ohio' and Townshend said 'That figures.'

Meanwhile, up in Toronto, ex-Lynyrd Skynyrd members Ricky Medlocke and Greg Walker were swilling Molson's backstage as they prepared to open for the Who at the Maple Leaf Gardens. The band was a little nervous as they contemplated the fact that Lynyrd Skynyrd got a similar leg up opening for a Who tour in the mid '70s. Once they hit the stage and started churning out rockers like "Train Train" and "Highway Song," they forgot all about it, though. Lead singer/guitarist Ricky Medlocke is the Ted Nugent of Southern rock, a firebrand on lead lines and a powerful vocalist who can shake a stadium to its foundations. Who guitarist Pete Townshend noted Medlocke's prowess backstage. "It's like they reach out and hit the audience over the head," Townshend said. "We played with the Pretenders earlier in the tour, and Chrissie Hynde would roll up a package of cigarettes in her shirt-sleeve or something and the audience just didn't care."

Back at the hotel after the show, Medlocke previewed his latest album, *Tomcattin'*, which proved to be an even hotter rocker than last year's outstanding *Strikes*. He grinned as "Warped" blasted out of his speakers with a boogie flourish. "You gotta

admit this is a rocker." When "On the Run" continued the mood in classic Who/Skynyrd burnout flash with a tremendous double lead guitar line, Medlocke noted that he'd written the song last year on the road, then added, "Where else?" By the end of "Fox Chase," after seeing tracks from the screaming lead-guitar lines burned into the grooves of this LP, Medlocke revealed the secret to the band's new toughness of sound. "Last year we wanted something with radio appeal, rather than such a heavy record," he said. "But this time we wanted it to sound like we do live. We wrote the songs and just went into the studio and put them all down on a 16-track demo machine. We were gonna go back and do a more polished recording but we decided we liked the sound. Notice how open it sounds? We definitely like this better—I think some of the recording techniques have gotten out of hand, so it's time to go back to basics. We're just gonna keep banging it out."

The surviving members of Lynyrd Skynyrd decided to form a new band not long after the plane crash that killed lead singer Ronnie Van Zant, lead guitarist Steve Gaines and backing vocalist Cassie Gaines. "I was lying there in the hospital, stoned on Demerol," said guitarist Gary

Rossington, "and I could hardly move I was hurt so bad. But we kept getting letters from all our fans urging us to go on and I kept thinking about that while I was recuperating, thinking about getting a band together and going on from there."

Rossington and his sidekick, guitarist Alan Collins, got the other Skynyrd players left (minus drummer Artimus Pyle) and added vocalist Dale Krantz and guitarist Barry Harwood. Before long they were their old selves again, partying and raising hell. Their characteristic cockiness charges *Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere* with enough hard-rocking energy to light up a couple of cities. Harwood's confident, fiery lead lines give the group that three-guitar attack they've featured at their hottest moments in the past, and Krantz's gutsy vocals give them one of the best front voices in Southern rock. When the band came to New York to promote the album shortly before its release, they came on as brash and mean as they ever were in the street-fighting Skynyrd days. "We're the best," spat Rossington in a surly voice as he sat, red-lidded from a steady stream of Budweiser, in an MCA conference room. "And now that we're starting over again we've got to prove it every night."

*continued*

**"We're the best," spat Rossington, "and now that we're starting over again we've got to prove it every night."**



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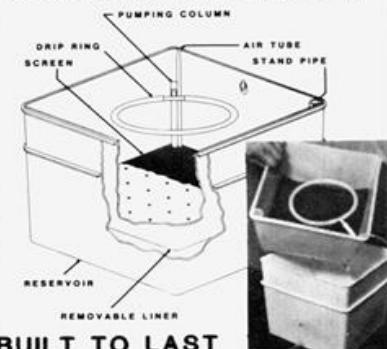
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## Notes

*The Boys from Doraville*, Atlanta Rhythm Section (Polydor PD-1-6285). After falling from their standard decade-long level of excellence with the lackluster *Underdog* album and the suspiciously dead-sounding "live" album *Are You Ready?*, the high energy and polish of *Boys from Doraville* is enough indication that these fine Southern rockers have returned to top form. Undoubtedly the departure of a charter member, drummer Robert Nix, goes a long way toward explaining the recently mediocre sound, but on this set they've successfully assimilated new drummer Roy Yeager. The sound is as beautifully clean and catchy-commercial as it's been since the *Rock and Roll Alternative* album, which put them on the map nationally, but here they've departed enough from the formula that has produced a number of hit singles over the past few years to make this their hottest sounding record since the blistering *Red Tape*.

Vocalist Ronnie Hammond has never sounded better, especially on the great I.R. Cobb-penned ballads "I Ain't Much," "Putting My Faith in Love" and "Silver Eagle." For his part, Cobb plays well here, adding beautifully melodic acoustic- and rhythm-guitar touches all over the record, especially

on "Pedestal," singing exquisite backing harmonies and even adding a little more hard-edged guitar than usual. Lead guitarist Barry Bailey flashes excellent form on this record. His high point comes on the solo in "Next Year's Rock & Roll," which was actually spliced together from a number of solos Bailey recorded for the tune. As for superbassist Paul Goddard, he finally seems to be winning the pitched battle he's fought with engineer Rodney Mills about the quality of his bass sound, which is bright and punchy throughout most of the record.

*Reach for the Sky*, Allman Brothers (Arista AL 9535). Here's another indication that Southern rock is still alive and well. The Allman Brothers have completed the miraculous recovery that began with the tremendous *Enlightened Rogues* album. After losing Duane Allman and Berry Oakley in the early '70s, it always seemed as if the Allmans would never regain the musical cutting edge they once enjoyed. They kept the band going a little longer than taste would dictate, but finally gave themselves the necessary breath by engaging in solo projects and splinter groups like Sea Level and Great Southern. When the band re-formed they'd reached a new

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level of musical excellence that is further explored on this record. Dickie Betts has become the all-around musician the band needs, writing excellent songs, playing tasteful and inventive jazz-based lead guitar and, most important, defining the band's new musical direction. The group no longer sounds like it's trying to remake "Ramblin' Man" every time they record. For his part, Gregg Allman continues to sing with powerful blues expression. His singing has definitely improved over the years and has never been better than on "Hell and High Water," the autobiographical album opener, and the beautiful "So Long."

*Collins and Collins* (A&M 4806). Smooth, slick ballad R&B with the elegant Philly Sigma Sound studios touch, processed enough to remind you uncomfortably of a soul Captain and Tennille, but they sing far too well to extend the comparison. On the other hand they're not going to make you forget Marvin Gaye and Tami Terrel either. "Do You Wanna Dance," "You Made Me Believe," "Please Don't Break My Heart" and "Yoyo" provide the obligatory disco toe tappers.

*Lazy Racer*; *Formula II* (A&M 4808). Glyn Johns's production sounds rote.

Kelly Harmon's vocals and Tim Renwick's guitar save the whole thing.

*Russia* (Warner 3414). Hard rock without direction, sense of humor, or saving grace. Nyet.

*Keepin' It Alive*, *Stonewall* (RCA 0357). Competent western Canadian pop rock band sounds a little too precious, but that could well be first-album jitters. Scratch the surface and there's promise, though, as "Price of Love" demonstrates.

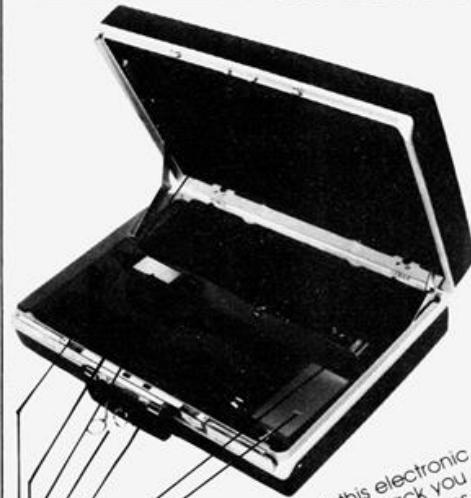
*Back to Zero*, *Trickster* (Jet JZ 35968). Heavily Move-influenced hard rockers get the arrangements down pat (could even be commercial) but miss the point somewhere along the line. The title track is a Supertramp-style epic about the rise to stardom.

*Zager* (Columbia JC 36348). Ex-Ten Wheel Drive concertmeister and Spinners producer yields yet another high-tech, low-emotion disco automat.

*Falcon Around*, *Billy Falcon* (MCA 3238). Billy does his Elvis Costello imitation with an appropriate band, and producer Jimmy Miller behind the console (wake up, Jimmy). The combo does the trick, although you have to admit it's no *Beggar's Banquet*. □

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Space for this message contributed by publisher.

### Big Man

*continued from page 67*

lose a couple of yards. Then I notice Weatherby standing over me, asking me something. I see his mouth make a question, and also his face, but I don't hear what he asks, because it's just at this point that the thing starts to hurt for the first time. It feels just like somebody shot me in the knee with a cannon, point blank.

The same night, they operate on it, and three months later I am running on it again. The next summer I am back playing ball, but for a different club, because, like I say, they trade me to Cleveland. They have doubts about my future, the people in Baltimore tell me. They hate to let me go, they say. I have a nice apartment over in Maryland at the time, and I'm happy to stay on, but they tell me they hate to let me go, and they trade me. My knee never works right again, and I never get back my good quickness, so I guess in the long run they are right. I can look back on it as a trade they come out ahead on, since the draft choices they get for me is some guy that has both knees intact, whether he can play or not.

I can never really drive off my left knee again, or get what you call good lateral movement out of it, but over the years I learn to compensate for this, the way you do with anything. I make the other leg do more of the work. I am only a fraction of a second slower, and except on running plays this doesn't hurt me much. Nobody notices it except the guys I play against, and the coaches, and the scouts. But those three are enough, and once word gets around that I am damaged merchandise, it is a whole new deal for me. In the first year or two after I get hurt I break my butt on every play, in order to prove that I am sound, and can handle myself like I used to. I never let on I am having any trouble with the knee, whether I am or not, but for the first year or so, I let them take the fluid out of it before every game with this big needle that looks just like a railway spike. It is six inches long if it is a millimeter, and it is as big around as a lineman's finger, and they have to pound on the end of it to get it in. The membrane in my knee gets so thick and so tough, they practically have to hit the damn thing with a hammer to get it in. And yet I come to the point where I almost like it. Come on, I tell 'em, *jam* that thing in there. *Suck* that stuff out of there! Because once they drain it, I can move around better on it, you know? But by Sunday night, my friends, it is strictly slow motion. It might take me 15 minutes to get out to my car from the locker room, unless I find some little kids I can lean on as I limp along.

Well, I get through five more seasons on the knee, I will say that much for it. By the time I get over to Oakland, it already looks like some kind of strange sculpture. But then when I go down again, and they

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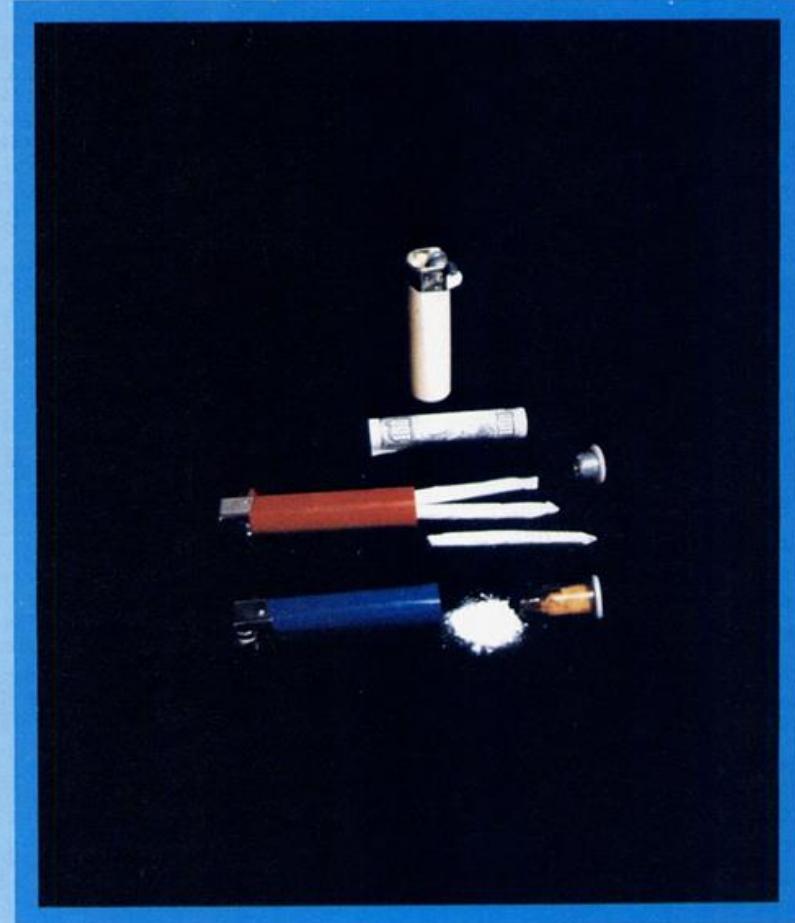
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have to cut it open and go in there with a tweezers and pick some of that tough old cartilage out since it is all floating around in the wrong places, I figure enough is enough. Besides, earlier in the same year I take a Sunday punch, in under the pads, which rips up the cartilage in my sternum and is like having a torn-up knee located inside my chest. I don't know whether it or my knee bothers me worse, but for six months afterward I can't take a deep breath without feeling pain. I also have a problem with a hyperextended elbow at the same time, which keeps me from straightening out my left arm, plus one or two jammed fingers and a bruised hip. In fact, by the time I go down again in Oakland, I am only the shadow of the ballplayer I am five years earlier, and the Raiders do not even bother to show much sorrow over losing me. I am just two days out of the hospital when they hand me my release, which only fortifies my decision to hang it up. By then, I figure I can live without having a bunch of 275-pound guys walk all over my fingers every Sunday.

Once I get out of the cast, though, and am walking again, I waver a little in my resolve. The springtime rolls around, and I'm still tinkering with the thought of picking up a little bar work, or maybe taking a high-school coaching job that comes up, when all of a sudden the phone rings, and it's this guy from the Jets, who says they could use some help on offense. The guy invites me to camp as a free agent, and before I can stop myself, I say yes. I work out some on my own, and make the weight they ask of me, and get my knee in as good a shape as it will get, and show up in the Jets' camp a day early, and stay till the week before the season starts, when they cut me. But the next day, while I am clearing out my locker, I get a note saying call Detroit, with this number, and I do. The upshot is the Lions sign me on as a free agent. So I sit on the bench up there for a couple of games, and get to know Milo Bell, before they deactivate me again. That is the last club I so much as practice with, since even though Milo promises me a job in Chicago, he buys the farm before the Bears ever go to camp. I sit home and wait for a couple of months, but there are no more phone calls, and though I have a few front-office numbers in my little black book, I don't dial any of 'em, but finally go back to bar work instead. By then, I figure it is high time I get into some new line of business. Bouncing does me fine as a stopgap until something better turns up, which is a year or so later, when I run into this guy who is doing a little hiring for this security agency in California. It is just the line of business I am cut out for, as it turns out, and I come up the ranks in no time. I start meeting a different class of people, and making a better type of money, and in general my whole life takes quite a turn, and it's a whole different story, from this point on. □

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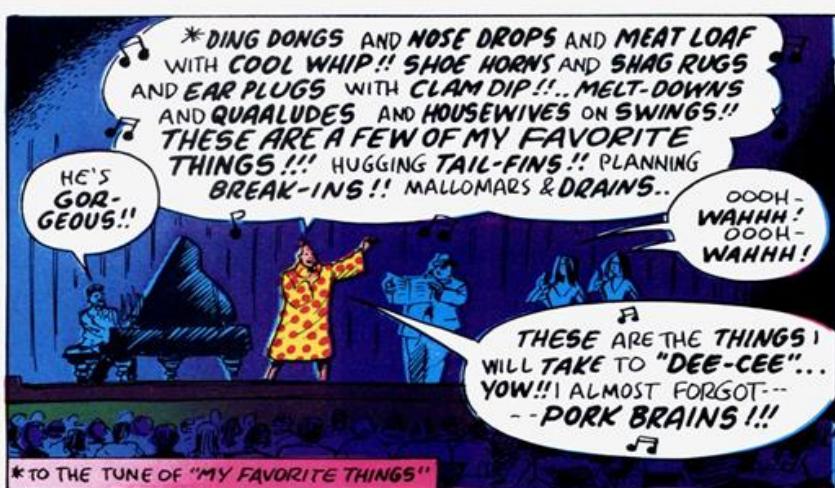
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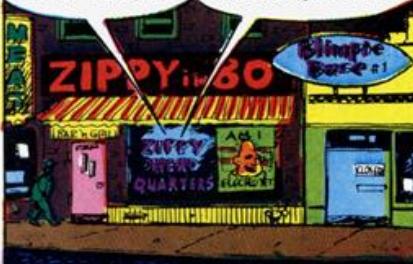
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### Johnny Bob

*continued from page 61*

You think Fellini doesn't know that? Fucking right he knows that. Shit, Michelangelo knew that. When he had a ceiling due he did it on time or he bloody well paid the price. All the other stuff is horseshit. I could bring most of these pictures that cost twelve million today in on half the money. Shoot in Mexico, use recycled film, shoot the actors from the neck down so you can use stand-ins, get a director who's a junkie and write him a dud check, let the actors wear street clothes, get the sound track off Chinese 78's, use orphans for stunt men, steal the props from hotels..."

This often works, too. Other young men try something like this...unfortunately it never works.

"Fucking Coppola. Scummy little prima donna. So maybe you think he's a genius. Well, let me tell you something. I wrote that movie. The whole thing. I took it to him. He ripped me off. It's as simple as that. I tell you, my next film I want money for...Jesus!"

The older men, the prosperous-looking recipients of these desperate attentions, hold strategic positions about the room. The rising stars in the center of the room stroke their graying temples and glance omnivorously about. The falling stars stand discreetly spaced closer to the exits, radiating their few remaining watts of power ready to buttonhole a departing rising star—to exchange a few meaningless words of farewell in the easy manner of equals. The superstars who are neither rising nor falling are forces in the industry but are bursting with a glorious novalike blaze with success behind them, and in preproduction, and being currently edited, these fortunate few whose very handshake might turn a man to gold, sit cross-legged on the floor.

They are not above chairs. They are not beneath chairs. They do not even notice chairs. They do not notice the young men. They do not notice them young hustlers, most of all. They do not notice the actors and actresses, second least of all. Writers they notice third least of all. They barely notice falling stars, collapsing forces as they are, and you have to look very, very closely to see them notice rising stars. Yet if you watch closely when a rising star moves or speaks loudly, there is a barely perceptible reaction. Often no more than the slight shiver of a reptile upon a rock when a passing bird's shadow blocks off the sun.

These things perhaps only an Indian like Johnny Bob can see. It was Johnny Bob who has been trying to suggest an unpleasant party. A joyless gathering of immoral parasites, the spiritual equivalent of a pirate's gang-fuck in an Indonesian drunk tank.

The only people Johnny has left undescribed at the party were the losers. Those hors de combat mumbler who blamed the system, or human greed, or microwave ovens for their failure.

"I worked for the old 'Smothers Brothers' show," slurred one drunken wreck clutching Johnny's shoulder. "Remember? Of course. Everyone. Remembers. But they've all forgotten. I was knocking Nixon when he was still vice-president. Hitting him where it counted. In the minds of the viewers of TV. And we had ratings. But did that stop them from killing the show? Not when the Rockefellers worked out the deal with the Cuban pig Battista in exchange for the mob's baccarat system it didn't. Pffff! We were gone. One word to the Trilateral Commission and the network caved in like a jelly donut grabbed by a gorilla. Do you know what I do now? I repair TVs. After what TV did to me. I repair TVs. Can you believe that? That's not enough for them either. They still got me under surveillance from one of these new high-altitude blimps full of gas with almost no molecules. Those things are so far up they're out of sight to telescopes you can buy in a store. You ever wonder why they don't let you watch up in Mt. Palomar? Not only that, they bugged my teeth and the dentist wouldn't take them out so I had to use pliers..."

So it went. It seemed to Johnny, a humble Nootka Indian, willing at all times to believe the best of his fellows, that there was not a single decent person in the room, bar the maids, and maybe a few of the writers. But they were crazy. □

# Last Words.

by John Francis Putnam

**If Hamlet's soliloquy had been written while Shakespeare was on speed**  
To be, or... you hear me talking, man? You listenin' to me? I mean that is the question! Dig?! Whether 'tis... now get this, Ace, no-bler... in the mind. Shithead, you know what noble is? A mean fucker like you, what would you know about noble. Now shut your shit-eatin' face an' let me say it: in the mind to suffer. Suffer!!! The slings and arrows... man, I'm ready to gross out of this one!



**If Hamlet's soliloquy had been written while Shakespeare was on acid**

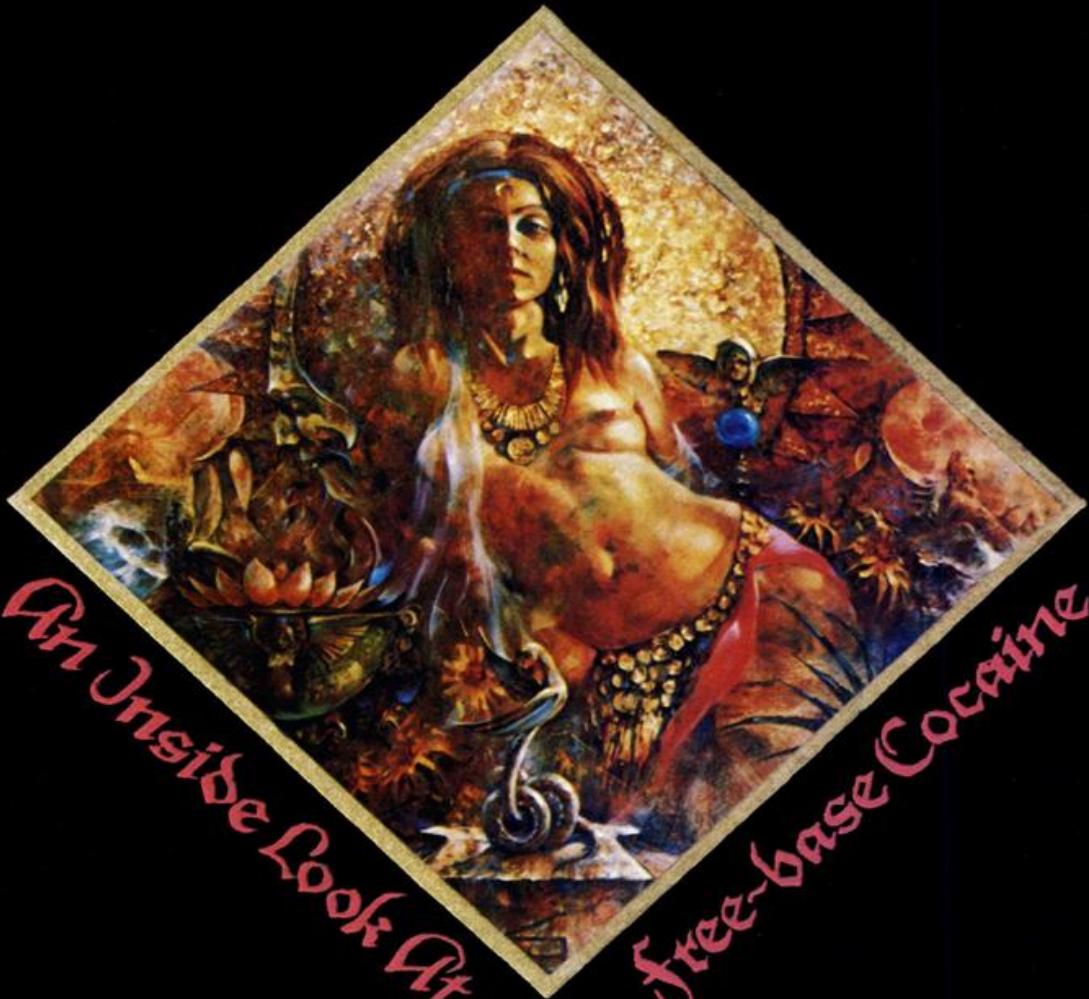
To be, beyond the galaxies or not to be disintegrated out of the whimsical self... that is the cosmic question. Whether it is nobler in the garden of the emerald sparkling mind to suffer the delicious vorpal needle thrusts of sidereal slings and megalithic diamantine-tipped arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take up arms against an inner, seething wine-dark sea of anxiety and lurking demonic wavelets, and by opposing, disintegrate them. To die, to sleep... I'm falling faster and faster and faster an' nobody's sitting with me and my shrink warned me about dropping until I had resolved my fear of urinating in crowds.... hellllp!!!



**If Hamlet's soliloquy had been written while Shakespeare was on angel dust**

Ugg ee, or ot ug ee, fat ig vee oogshun: Fevvah zis hble hinna mind. Mind? Mind? Shit man, I think my brains are oozing out of my ears! Help! Help!

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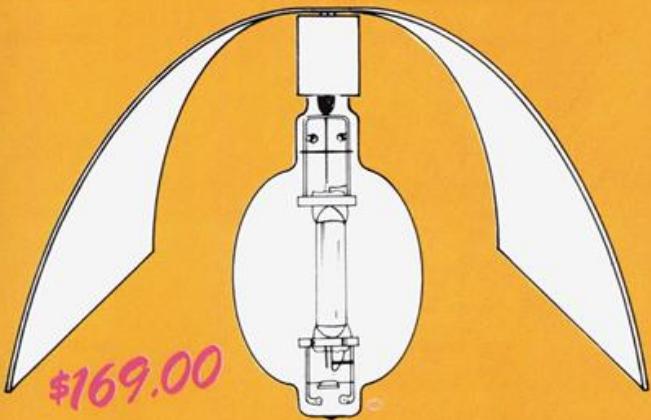
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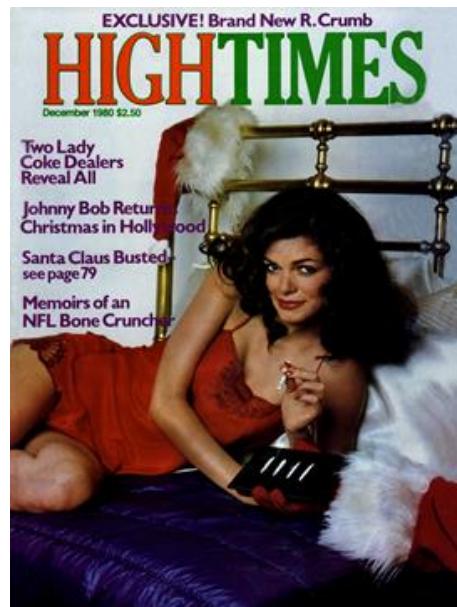
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